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Beatrice Hart '22.
Justine Halliday '22 (24 - Emma) Skragon Las.
Lang. Dale FT '22

Matthew Ruser O.E.
Heckie Richardson '22 L.S.L.
Margaret Hartley '98

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ALPHA THETA

Dora Maryon Johnson '22 K.T.

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John Smith '22

John Smith '22

Charlotte Hay '22 Ex. Class
'22 Ex. Class Skragon.

Silvia Jane Griggs
Autographs

Sabel Mc Kibbin (Green) mae b -

Jan. Birth June '21 'Bloomington'

Emma Jean Hurst - H. June 21.

Wesley Plummer ABE, T.H.O.

Wesley Plummer

Frances Thrum June '22 "Frenchy"

"Hus" J. Trimmer Jan '21 BBE

Annie C. Garman. June 21.

Alcey Lloyd Smith June '22

Minerva Harrison Jan '22

Esther Ambush Jan. '22

Mary Susan Williams Jan. '22

Lowell, Timmon 23

Gene June 22

Gene

JUNE T. G. W. in

Ruth Dulce "Pat" June '22.

Annie

Velma Lask (Babe)

Wade Garfield June '21

Fred Willis

Cornelia M. June 21 - 5.11.21
QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES

Julian C. Davis June 21 Nika-B 71

James S. Tipton B & E June 21

Mark Gant.

Barney Thorne (Google) P & X Jan 22.

Stuart Clive Jan 22

Robert Blessing June 20.

Chas. Williamson June 21

Ralph R. Turner June 21 "Dopie"

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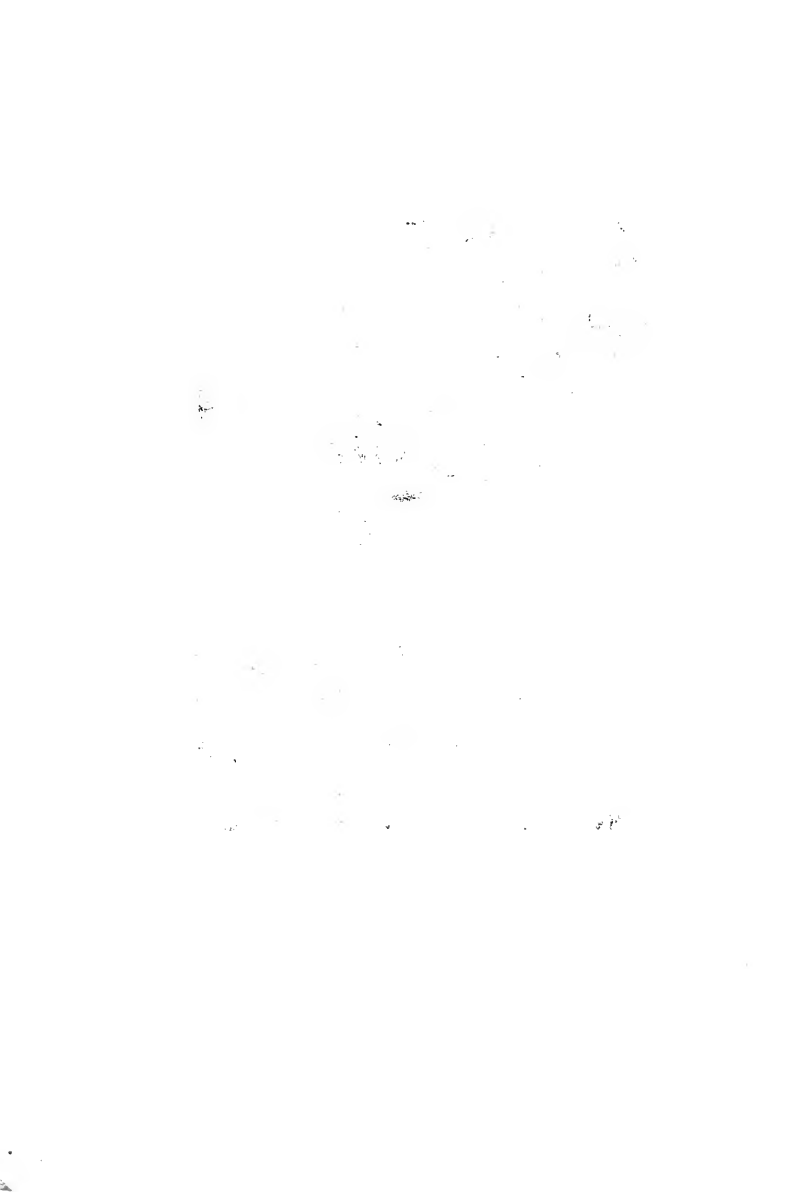
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FOREWORD



NOT AS THE CONQUEROR COMES,
THEY, THE TRUE-HEARTED CAME,
NOT WITH THE ROLL OF THE STIRRING
DRUMS, AND THE TRUMPET THAT
SINGS OF FAME: NOT AS THE

FLYING COME, IN SILENCE AND IN
FEAR; THEY SHOOK THE DEPTHS OF
THE DESERT GLOOM WITH THEIR HYMNS
OF LOFTY CHEER.— IN SUCH SPIRIT
AS THIS, WE THE CLASS OF 1921, EMBARK
OUR LITTLE MAYFLOWER, THE ANNUAL

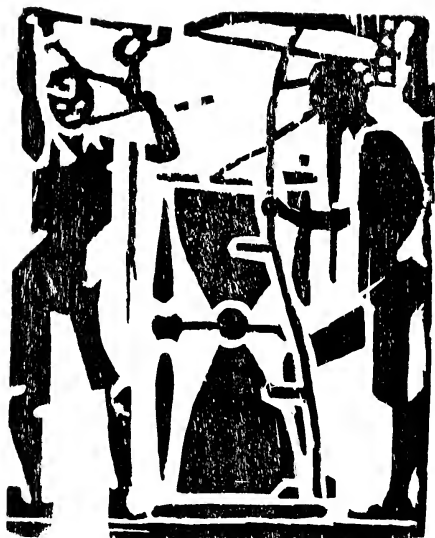




DEDICATION



TO FRANK B. WADE
HEAD OF THE DEPART-
MENT OF CHEMISTRY
AN INSTRUCTOR AND CHEM-
IST OF WONDERFUL ABILITY
ONE WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN
READY WHEN CALLED UPON TO DO ANY-
THING FOR THE CLASS AND FOR
THE SCHOOL; A MAN WHO HAS BROUGHT
INTERNATIONAL FAME TO SHORTRIDGE
ONE WHO HAS THE AFFECTION AND ES-
TEEM OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL: WE THE
CLASS OF 1921 DEDICATE OUR ANNUAL



Response to Dedication



OUR years ago a freshman class
Arrived in Shortridge fair,
To seek the fourth floor's myetic pass.
The elevator's lair.

As nineteen eighteen set the pace
To sopbomoric stage,
They gained in stature, knowledge, grace,
A little, too, in age.

With junior standing came great state.
The class it nearly died,
With sports, and clubs, and dances late,
And study on the side.

But sober seniors now are they,
It isn't any fun.
So soon, as freshmen once again,
They'll start in twenty-one.

With sincere appreciation of the honor
done me by the class of 1921,

Frank B. Wade.







HE teachers that we've had these years,
At our departure shed few tears.
Of necessity was this Annual born,
For we must toot our own sweet horn.

EDITORIAL



It is important to remember that this is the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims; for it is a significant fact. What a contrast is there between the mad, nerve-destroying pace at which we are moving today and the simple, wholesome lives of our ancestors of three centuries ago.

Now our whole day is nothing but one struggle for supremacy, and a rushing from one thing to another until the end of the day comes and we hurry home to snatch a few hours of rest in order to prepare for the same schedule the next day. Although there are some who still have the old Puritan ideals, the average person, even the student in high school, has forgotten these. Lessons and school activities are sandwiched between a thousand other activities. It is true that these outside things make us more versatile; but does versatility give us the power to handle the problems of future life? Is not concentration and the command of one's self the great accomplishment? A return, even in a small degree, to the days of our Puritan ancestors would help us in many ways.

We have carried out in our art work and in some of our literature, the Tercentenary idea, and we hope that this book will give you a clearer conception and a better realization of the ideals of our forefathers. The articles are the best that could be obtained from the school, and we feel that they reflect the high standards of our class and of Shortridge.

We have tried to make our Annual worthy of merit, and if you can derive benefit and enjoyment from it, we shall have been repaid many times.

—EDITOR.

School is the March, and April, and May,
The spring of Life's year, the foundation you lay;
Thou'rt now on the threshold of lovely June,
The very beginning of Life's glorious noon!

—RUSSEL LITZ.





TERCENTENARY



THE Shortridge Annual of 1894, with its pale blue cover and its articles and illustrations of the varied activities of the school as it then existed, has continued to develop along the lines then laid down by a few determined prophets.

Its voice has been heard over many lands and seas, and by her conceit she has set a standard for High School Annuals in many states of her own country.

She celebrates with this issue the Tercentenary period of American history. Her future will be onward as her past has been progress.

The Annual boasts that her pages will ever be the pride of all hearts that beat for the best that can belong to this our Shortridge High School. She is proud of her heroes, who are exploring in foreign lands; such as George Reisner; who are making discoveries for the food products of the world; such as Tom Moore at the head of St. Louis University; who are making designs for great architectural structures, as Robert Daggett of our city; classic poetry of today, as Hildegard Flanner; head illustrator as Fred Yohn; politicians of the true type as Claude Bowers; noted artists as Alexis Manny; authority on Museum collection; as Durr Friedley and many others of whom we are wonderfully proud. Today we greet you with a Tercentenary Annual. An Annual that has upon its cover a hand made wood block by George Cole, showing the progress of the High Seas from the Mayflower of 1620, the warship of 1820 to the ship of the present commerce of 1920.

The wood block upon the page introducing this article has the block-house on the hill, which shows the bull-dog grit of the American people, how they ventured out into *darkness*, into the wilds of savage America in search of the promised land and to the establishment of the constitution of human liberty. The figure below is later America who has haltered and humiliated the beast or the obstacle that has arisen during the course of her progress and now stands facing the unknown future with the assurance of an innocent child.

We speak to you in our illustrations, initial letters, tail pieces, wood blocks as a voice from this great period and ask you all as we enter the new, the unknown, to encourage a far greater outlook for this your Annual.

—THE ART DEPARTMENT.



SONG OF YOUTH

(First Prize)



H, it's Youth who makes us happy,

And it's Youth who makes us sad;

And it's Youth who makes ambition,

Then gives the victory glad.



T is Youth, like ancient Vulcan,

Fires our hopes within our breasts

When the goal seems far and wav'ring,

And our spirit grows depressed;

For with each ounce of ambition

She gives an equal strength,

To keep our minds from straying

Through each day's routine length.

And she crowns our earnest efforts

With the pleasure of success,

When we have fought Life's battle,

With our principles the test.



H, it's Youth who makes us steady,

And it's Youth who makes us say:

"It is Youth who crowns each high ideal

With great reward some day."

—VIOLET F. MUSE, '21.





Prologue



HIS is the tale of the faith of a simple old soul, told in an humble manner for those who find enjoyment in the life naïve.

* * * * *

“Swi-ng low, sweet cha-ri-o-t,
Comin’ foah to carry me ho-ome;
Swi-ng low, sweet cha-ri-o-t,
Comin’ foah to carry me home.”

* * * * *

As Mammy Phoebe ended the old tune, she enforced it with a final wail that carried it on the light spring air to all the inhabitants of Marshallville. But they knew that she was not singing from a happy heart; in that little southern town they knew each other’s business too well to excuse the slightest ignorance of the smallest sigh or profoundest secret.

They knew that her song was one in which she sought courage, much as the ten year old boy does when he starts through a wood, whistling. Mammy was fighting a hard battle with her religion; her faith was undergoing a severe test.

About a year ago her husband, “the right reverend Mistah (a rare distinction) Simon Peter Townsend, ouah colahed Baptist ministah,” had died, leaving her to provide for the two recently adopted children, Jonah and Mary Magdalene. As a means of livelihood she had filled her late husband’s pulpit, recompensed from time to time by thank offerings; for (so expounded an old deacon) “The salary in this heah church must be inspiahed by de Lord hisself.” Finally she had had to “take in washin’ an’ ionin’.” And lately even that had failed to provide the growing youngsters with necessary food, clothes, and “edification.” As a last expedient, she had appealed to her congregation for help. But they too, had acquired more little hungry mouths than they could fill, and so suggested that she send the elder, the little girl, back to the orphanage. It would almost break Mammy’s heart to part with either of them, they

NOTHIN'-ON-METHUSELAH

knew, but it had to be done. So now, last week, Mammy had notified the inspector at Louisville to come for the little girl; but she was praying earnestly all the while that something would happen to prevent the separation.

As she stood over her ironing board this warm afternoon, she chanted to the accompaniment of her busy iron: "Oh, Lohd! I'se a-back slidin' from de faith. Show me de golden slippahs, Lohd, dat I'se gwine to weah when my trials am ovah, an' I'll know you is still wid dis ole niggah in heh tribulations. Lohd, I'se a been askin' you to let me hab my lil' chile for a long time; ain't you gwine foah to heah me?" Then, as if she had received an answer to her question, her face lighted up and she shouted, "Hallelujah! I recollect what you said, Lohd. 'Whatsoever you-all asks ob me, in faith believin', dat shall you-all receive.' I sho' am glad dat you has done gone an' settled dat question. Hallelujah!" Slowly she raised her hands to her hips, and, swaying gently to an fro, she sang lustily:

"I's goin' to Heaben; I'se goin' to shout;

Nobody up theah's goin' to put me out.

I'se goin' to Heaben, and I'se goin' to stand—

I'se goin' to move like lightnin' at de Lohd's command."

A sudden ripping noise out under the magnolia tree brought her to the side door.

"Jonah! Mary Magdalene! What foah you done gone and picked my magnolia flowah? What's dat happened to youah waist, Jonah?" she asked, peering suspiciously at the rent which Jonah was endeavoring to cover over with his hand.

"Nothin'," answered the culprit, "ain't nothin' happened; Mary Magdalene's done gone and pinned it all up." And he uncovered the torn sleeve decorated with a row of safety pins.

"All right, honey chile, come on in heah, an' Mammy'll sew you up. But why foah dast you-all pluck dem magnolias? Ain't Mammy tol' you-all heaps ob times—"

"Yes'm, but Mammy," interrupted Mary Magdalene, "we weah comin' along, and comin' along on the pike, and theah came Mistah Pruitt with the Methodist white pahson in his auto. Yes'm, and dey stopped, and Mistah Pruitt says, 'Hcah's de chile what I was tellin' you about.' An' he called me ovah to de cahr an' de pahson—"

"Call him Brothah Calhoun," corrected Mammy Phoebe.

NOTHIN'-ON-METHUSELAH

"Yes'm," gulped the girl. "And Brothah Calhoun put his han' on mah head and smiled just like I was white folks."

"Aw, she ain't tol' all what happened!" exclaimed Jonah.

"Well, give huh a chanct, Jonah!" Mammy said severely.

"Yes'm," continued Mary Magdalene, wide-eyed, "an' he axed me de grades on ma repoht cahd, an' he nodded an' smiled at Mistah Pruitt an' said, 'You sho wah right, Brothah Pruitt; I'se mightly glad we-all have done it!' "

"Done what?" demanded Mammy taking the child by the shoulders.

"I don't know, Mammy. But he said he'd written to Louisville, and he axed us to tell you it was all settled; he sayd you'd undahstand."

"An' he said dey had had a boahd meetin' up yondah at theah church, an' dey'd 'lowed dey could pay five dollahs a week out of whut dey called theah home missionehy fund, an'—"

"It am de Lohd's doin's!" shouted Mammy, starting up from her chair. "It am de Lohd as plain as day! Come ovah heah, you brassed lil' lambs, and kiss youah ole Mammy. I is favohed by de Lohd Almighty; de Lohd has pufoahmed a mi'acle foah me, righ' befoah ma eyes. But I ain't got nothin' on Methuselah, an' Sampson, an' Daniel; dey am favorites ob de Lord, too. Now we-all am in de same class! Hallelujah! I'se called as a witness befoah de Lord!" Then swaying, she started around the little kitchen singing that melodious old song, "Methuselah was a Witness."

Outside under the magnolia tree, Jonah and Mary Magdalene were in a frenzied orgy of gathering fragrant blossoms before Mammy should arouse from her pious trance. But alas! Mammy came back to earth and,— "What foah you-all pluckin' dem flowahs, Jonah? Mary Magdalene? Gwine to take 'em to Massa Pruitt?"

"Naw," replied Jonah sheepishly. "We is goin' fetch 'em to Massa Pruitt's lil' gal. She am ouah-alls sweetheart, ain't she, Mary Magdalene?"

Mary Magdalene assented by a forward movement of her plaited kinks.

"And we-all been carryin' magnolia ovah theah foah a week—we ben prejudicin' huh in ouah favoh."

Mammy nodded. A sudden light came into her eyes; she spoke into the April sky: "Oh, Lohd, I recollect what else you said, 'De Lohd he'ps them who he'ps themselves.'"

—VIOLET MUSE, '21.



LL praise to thee, ye stalwart men of old,
 Who on the hoary rocks and craggy shores
 Of this new land, unknown and unexplored,
 Didst beach thy ships, and with the gentle help
 Of those sweet women who, through all the trials
 And hardships thou didst pass, did bravely bear
 And suffer at thy side, aye, with their help,
 Did lay the strong foundations of our state.
 Thy coming here, thy bold denial of
 The right of tyrants to refuse a man
 His freedom in the worship of his God,
 Did mark a renaissance in hearts of men,
 And set aflame the ever-smoldering torch
 Of freedom. Ah, 'twas for a great ideal
 That thou didst dare to risk thy lives, and come
 To settle in a strange and barbarous world.
 'Twas on the same ideal that thou didst build
 The bulwarks of the nation yet to be.
 A strong ideal the basis; yet today
 Men falsely dare to say that in the great World War,
 We, children of those heroes of the past,
 Did not work, fight, and die for an ideal.
 Ah, Pilgrims new and true as those of old,
 Ah, men of iron, ah, hearts of purest gold,
 Ah, patient, dauntless mothers of the state,
 To thee our praise! To thee our hearts, that burn
 With grief and love and gratitude!
 With filial love and filial gratitude.
 The story's told, that to the valiant French,
 Fighting for home and loved ones over there,
 The Maid of France appeared and led the sons
 Of France to victory. We know that, should
 The shadow of destruction dread, e'er dim again
 The clear blue skies of freedom, and the way
 Seem dark, the struggle long, the guiding hand
 Of every Pilgrim gone before, shall show the way;
 Shall lift on high the beacon light of Truth,
 And lead his nation in the paths of right.

—LUCILE SULLIVAN, '20.



N Imitation of "Sir Roger De Coverley."

No. 24. EVIDENCES OF PATRIOTISM.

Spectator No. 9.

Thursday, Feb. 17, 1921.

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the
republic for which it stands; one nation,
indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Sir Roger De Coverley and I were taking an enjoyable walk on the Circle, when we approached one of its huge waterfalls, which was supplying all the air around us with a cool, delightful moisture that penetrated the very depths of our lungs. We stopped there to get a drink, but we did not tarry; for our imbibing from a little stream of water was soon interrupted by some music which we heard in the distance.

Sir Roger being very fond of music, listened with an attentive ear until the strain came near enough for us to tell that it was being played by the shining instruments of the Shortridge High School band, which was leading a battalion of cadets. In front we could clearly see a blue and white banner, accompanied by an American flag. Sir Roger immediately came to attention, and removed his hat from his head, placing it next to his left shoulder with his right hand. The procession halted as the band was playing our national anthem. My companion held his position until the last note of that wonderful old hymn had been sounded.

After the parade, Sir Roger and I continued our walk toward North Meridian street. He began discussing the lack of patriotism that was shown when the "colors" passed by. He was surprised at the number of observers around him, who deliberately "kept covered" even while the "Star Spangled Banner" was being played. I believe that if he had not been such a dignified gentleman, he would have knocked several of the unpatriotic hats "off."

—THOMAS SMITH, '21.



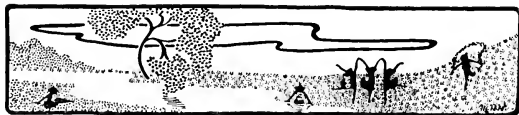
OTHER'S absence, a rainy day, three adventurous youngsters (including a very resourceful eldest brother, age twelve) plus a tale of pirates, are sure to create an unlooked-for disturbance. The formula proved itself when Dick, Dot, and I, inspired by some such tale, decided to play pirate. Since our house, unfortunately, had no hidden treasure or secret closets, Dick suggested that we capture the pantry, which held things not to be despised even by brave and adventurous outlaws.

Cautiously we attacked the pantry. Spiced peaches, pickles, strawberry jam, cake and even a hidden box of sister's chocolates were uncovered and seized upon. Each of us had our fill, and our faces were marked with the signs of our treasure, when the pantry door opened and in came Dad. Our adventure lost its spice. Guilty-eyed and shame-faced, we tried to remove the signs of the feast, but Dad hard-heartedly marched us to the "Den," and sentenced us to the most dreaded punishments in a child's life.

"Spiced peaches, pickles, and strawberry jam are the first part of the pirates' gold," he said earnestly, but the latter end is woe. You forgot to read all of the story. He picked up the book which we had so eagerly listened to before, and read, "The gold of the pirate is cursed, and in the end will turn to tarnished brass."

Our treasure turned to "tarnished brass" too, when Dad gave us heaping portions of bitter yellow root, and we went to bed with aching stomachs, to dream of pirates playing "hide-and-seek" in our halls.

—HELEN GWARTNEY, '21.





HEY say we are a mystery,—an aggravating, provocative mystery, minus all pleasure-giving thrills! They say we are hopeless and getting worse, with not a thing to redeem us! We are foolish and frivolous, daring and dance-crazy! Our ideals are wrong; our ambitions they scorn, and there is nothing to be done to save us!

We don't wear enough, think enough, pray enough or sleep enough! Our taste is too florid and our manners, simply horrid! We dress all wrong, sing terrible songs, and are going to ruin all along. According to their dope, we are without hope, beyond redemption, and breaking,

left and right, all conventions.

The worst of our condemners say that we ought to be brought into line to the tune of a hickory stick and bread and water. Others say we should be deprived of movies and all luxuries, and made to live the simple life. Still others say, "Let 'em alone, and maybe they'll come home, bringing their senses with 'em!"

And we say, "We're not so worse; give us a chance, will you? We're all right, down inside, and its bound to come out some day! So just leave us alone and give us a chance, will you?"

—MARGARET JENKINS, '21.

Of all the lessons we have had,
This writing poems makes me sad.

I'll take a dozen propositions,
And any number of additions
To one such task as this.

I like to *read* the poems,
From Mother Goose to Guest,
But when it come to *writing* them,
The others do it best.

THOMAS EVANS, '21.

C





ALA-WALT-MASON

The busy world it thrusts
aside the ones who curse
and mutter. against ex-
isting laws and things about it bad
things utter. We hate the
man who breaks things
up, who wants all things to
blast. the man who says he
shames the World is an icon-
oclast. We do not want the wreck-
ing crew who wreck the house
and leave it, but those who if they
find a fault will find ways to relieve
it. We do not need instructors
wise to criticise all matter
we want the man who'll fix
the things, we want an "Up and
at her!" Theodore Medias



THE - EFFECT - OF - A - JOKE



was the funny side I saw
Of that most humorous joke
I laughed, until they thought me



crazy,
I laughed, I squirmed, I thought I'd
choke



I bit my tongue, I held my breath
Objects swam, and all the room grew
hazy



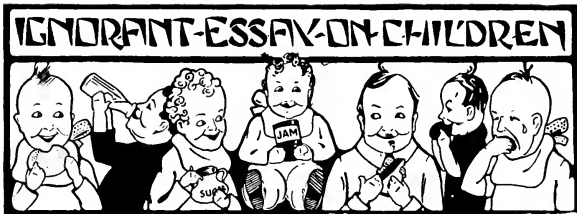
Still I cannot tell my tale
Laugh as I would die
Fast and fleet has flown a year
And yet I try and try



When I ever think of it
My death seems strangely nigh



By Elsie Shelley



CHILDREN are the young of the so-called human race. They are born without sense, and most of them never out grow it; hence, they are said to resemble their parents.

Children have no teeth at first, which is one of the wise provision of sapient nature; otherwise they would bite the fool relatives and friends who insist upon kissing them. I shouldn't blame them, should you? Baby girls, especially, do not like to be kissed; but they outgrow that later.

Children are not allowed to choose their parents, which is rank injustice; but parents haven't any choice either, so that makes it fifty-fifty.

Some small children have no eye-brows, but strangely enough they do not seem to miss them. Usually they are shy on hair, too, which cuts down the cost of their upkeep, since their parents do not have to have their hair cut every other day. Ain't Nature Grand!

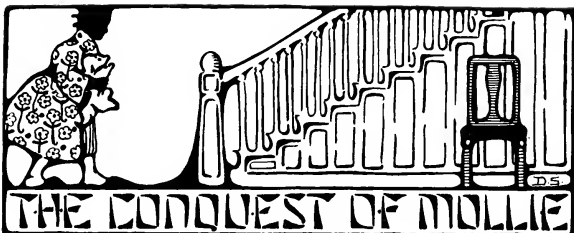
Every child must have a name you know, so that, when he grows up, bills can be sent to him; otherwise the bills would be delivered to the wrong person or would never arrive at all, which would be very distressing. Very! But naming a child is after all, very easy, for several reasons. In the first place, no matter what name is finally chosen, the baby can be backed into it and he can't object. Secondly, there are so many more names to choose from now than when our forefathers battled with the job. Look at all the Pullman Car names we have, which they never suspected, and the apartment house names, and all the cute little trade names such as Troco, Nabisco, Cuticura, Aspirin, and Bevo. Take young baby Boggs for instance; what could be more darling than Bevo Boggs; or the Cobbles baby, Miss Cuticura Cobbles, and so forth. You can see the possibilities can you not?

Fathers and Mothers are the first to suspect their children of intelligence, but you know parents are naturally suspicious.

In closing there is this to be said about children, "With all their faults we love them still."

The stiller the better!

—MARGARET STROUD, '21.



T was past ten o'clock, and all the family had retired. Mollie, the cook, had been setting bread, and was, as usual, the last to go to bed. As she walked down the hall to the stairs, a fat waddling poodle followed her.

"Lawsie me, Toodles, ain't you never goin' to learn to sleep in de kitchen? No suh! Yo'all needn't come around me. I ain't gona be packin' no ole fat dawgs up de stahs at night. I don't mind totin' de chilluns, but I draws de line at dawgs!" At this, Toodles frisked about her and pulled at her skirts, looking up with eager eyes.

"Don't try to ensnarw me wif dem gleamin' eyes! I is sholy goin' to make you stay heah to-night. No ole dawg needn't think that jes' cause he's got the gout, I'se a goin' to carry him up de stahs ech night. No suh! Exuhsuze some of de fat offen yuh! Luhn how to walk up dem steps, yo'sef!"

After this brisk tirade, Mollie swept up the stairs as though the matter were settled. Toodles was not convinced. He pawed frantically at the lower step, and then tried to climb up. But his avoirdupois was unequal to a feat like this, and, struggle as he might, he could make no headway. So he gave up trying, and settled himself at the foot of the stairs, and raised his voice towards heaven in piteous appeal. In a few minutes Mollie reappeared in the upper hall, clad in a gaily flowered kimono over a pink striped night-dress. She leaned over the banister, and spoke through the darkness to the whining Toodles below, in caressing tones.

"Now, honey, don't you go to carrying on like dat. Mollie nevah meant nothin'. Besides you'all don't want to rouse up de rest ob de fambly, does you?" Toodles, with fine discernment, again whined pitifully.

"Well, then, if yo' ain't a goin' to be satisfied down deah, I reckon Mollie'll hev to come and tote yo'all up aftah all." And, lighting a lamp, she shuffled down the steps and picked the fluffy, white dog up in her arms.

"Bress yo' old sweet heah!" she said, as she carried him up the stairs. "Molly didn't have no intentions of lettin' yo' stay away down in de dahk, far off from evuhbody, noway. No suh! you's goin' to have yo' pillow in Mollie's room, jes' like yo'all wants it. Little lovin' dawg!" And she carried him away to her room, bestowing lavish caresses the while. Toodles only smiled as dogs sometimes do.

—DAISY SCHULZ, '21.

A-STUDY-IN-STYLES

A LITTLE STORY FROM DAILY LIFE



One day, in my eventful and equally errandful fifth year, I was sent to the grocery with instructions to buy a pound of rice, with the added permission that, should any change remain from the dime which my mother had given me, I might squander it on some longed for goody.

Although the rice may have been primary in my mother's mind, said vegetable took a back seat when candy entered into the story. Upon entering the grocery, I paraded up to the candy counter and feasted my orbs on the various sweets; the article that struck me as right was *lollipops at one cent each or three for two cents.*

The spectacled grocer handed me three at a bargain price, one of which I promptly devoured.

After having thus allayed my hunger for a short time, I then asked the clerk for a pound of rice, which he promptly weighed out and wrapped up. "Ten cents," he said as he handed it over the counter.

Realizing my financial embarrassment, I told the grocer that I would have to get more money. Munching the three for two cent treasures, I walked into my home, and informed my rice-needy mother that she had failed to provide sufficient funds for the rice.

—THEODORE MEDIAS, '21.

THE SAME STORY TOLD BY ANOTHER



WHEN I was about five years old, my mother one day sent me to the grocery to get a pound of rice.

"If there is any change, you may buy some candy," she said.

Hurrying to the store, I approached the candy counter and amused myself by wondering what I would buy with the penny's change. "One lollipop for a penny, three for two cents Surely," I thought to myself, "I shall profit by buying the three lollipops for they will last me all day!"

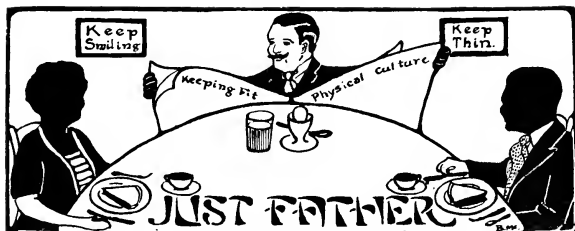
Soon the delicious confections were over the counter and into my hands, and then one of the into my mouth. I next held out my dime and told the clerk I wanted a pound of rice.

"But child," he said, "you have not enough money. Rice is ten cents a pound." Little did it occur to me to return the candy and get the rice.

"Well," said I, after a long pause, "I'll keep these," pointing to the candy, which I held tightly in my hand.

The man gave me the change, and I started home. As I entered the house, I gave the money to my much astonished mother, telling her that I had bought the candy, but that she had not given me enough money for the rice.

—GOLDIE BERNSTEIN, '21.



FATHER was getting up in years now. The realization came upon the family quite suddenly, after Mother had mentioned the number of candles his next birthday cake would flaunt. They hadn't noticed it before, but Father was getting to the place where he needed to take care of himself. A family as modern as the Warrens couldn't allow Father to reach advanced age in that comfortable rotundity which used to be considered quite proper. And he was increasing alarmingly in weight. After exertion of any length he even showed signs of exhaustion.

The breakfast table was a convenient place for discussion. Many "weighty" matters had been debated and finally settled over the cereal and grape fruit. Never before had the spirit of reform, which causes turmoil in so many households, been so rampant as now. Bob was the chief propounder of miraculous and high-sounding reforms, the nature of which depended solely upon the last book devoured. (Living up to his guiding proverb, in which he exchanged the one knock of opportunity to many and added a startling phrase concerning the seizing of all of them, he pounced eagerly upon this experiment.)

"Yes, Father, I'll bring home that book on 'Keeping Fit at Sixty.'" Bob aired his wisdom, "By using the things nature has given you, you can be the picture of health."

Here Father made a mental note of the fact, that not for years had he felt other than the "picture of health."

"It'll take grit, because it means sacrifices. You'll feel like twenty in a month," Bob asserted firmly. "You bet! You'll feel like twenty in a month."

From behind the morning paper, Father was silent. Except on the occasions when the fervor of the debaters became too intense, he seemingly was a deaf audience. The fact that it was his fate being decided, did not disturb his serenity. He was experienced in the art of graceful submission, for he valued a peaceful atmosphere above any mere triumph of words.

JUST FATHER

He finished the meal, folded the paper with much undue rustling and brought out his pipe with a long practiced flourish. After a few reflective puffs he left the room, with the same cheery "Good-bye, everybody," that he had used for years.

Bob shook his head dismally. Until that day, he had noticed nothing dangerous in these firmly rooted habits.

"Father's in a rut, and we'll have to pull him out."

"Yes, they say it's perfectly wonderful what a difference the proper exercise makes in a person." Lois was youthfully enthusiastic. "The days are past when a man could settle down and watch himself grow old. I think it's a great idea, don't you, mother?"

Mother wasn't sure. She had old-fashioned ideas about many things, but relinquished them good-naturedly to the children. Even that evening, when Bob insisted that she substitute milk and eggs for Father's beloved coffee and steak, her protest was mild. But she watched anxiously as Father settled himself at the table.

"What's this?" He feigned surprise at the meager repast.

"Oh, just a part of the course in keeping fit," Bob explained casually.

"Keeping fit? Keeping fit?" Father repeated in a diaphanous attempt at good humor.

"Yes, you know you can't eat pie or drink coffee if you want good health."

Suddenly Father's tone changed sharply. "No more of this foolishness, son. I'll do it once, but never again.

As usual, at the end of the meal he produced his pipe. Take away anything but his pipe, and he could endure life. He was about to launch into a eulogistic declamation on the after-dinner pipe, when Bob jumped up in alarm.

"Stop! Why that's the worst thing you can do. Smoking's on the ban, too, if you want to keep fit."

Bob's warmth aroused Father, who pointed out with equal intensity the danger in taking away suddenly anything so much a part of his daily life. Not since Bob and Lois were at the headstrong age, had a Warren meal been so stormy. For a while, the squall dangerously rocked the domestic boat.

By bed time, however, the strained relations had eased a bit. Father was restored to a semblance of good-nature, and Bob's pride was healing from the bruises it had suffered. Condescending an amiable "good night," Father went up stairs whistling "The Old Oaken Bucket." The quaint

JUST FATHER

strain lasted until the bedroom door creaked, then stopped in the middle of a warble. Bob sensed the reason and hurried to explain. Father was standing outside the door, the picture of outraged fatherhood.

His room was unrecognizable. The bed had been torn from the corner where it had snuggled for years, and now stood blandly before the open window. The rocker, in which he smoked his last pipe each night, was gone. The room was devoid of furniture; every beloved treasure had been rudely moved. This was enough to snap the most elastic disposition.

"I say, Father"—Bob affected geniality—"you know the book says you must have plenty of fresh air while you are sleeping. And you have to have the room for the exercises you are going to take every night and morning. Let's start right away."

"Start? Start what?" Father gasped in indignation.

"Why, the exercises. Don't be an old fogey, Father. Now just try it. It'll make you feel like twenty. Come on, be a good sport, I knew you would."

"Only once, I said." Father was rolling up his sleeves firmly. "Only once,!"

For an hour he strided and lowered and jumped until perspiration bedewed his flushed brow. Bob was an earnest teacher and Father retired, utterly exhausted, to awaken the next morning with every muscle creaking.

"How do you feel?" Bob asked in a conciliatory tone at the breakfast table.

"Not like twenty!" Father snorted from behind his paper.

The meal was begun with a state of war threatening, but Father's balmy nature could not long remain stormy. At least Bob attributed his sudden good humor to his sunny disposition. His change in spirit seemed to have happened in a moment. Through a word diplomatically inserted here and there, son had him on friendly relations again. Bob thought he detected a peculiarly bright twinkle in his eye, for one so recently angered. But then, he reflected, Father was wise enough to know that this "keep fit" course was a good thing.

That night Father didn't appear until long after the evening meal. Except for a little fluttering, Mother appeared not to notice his absence, a fact which surprised Bob. When he finally sauntered in, he was whistling. He carefully evaded any question concerning his absence and affably engaged in conversation with Mother. Bob was suspicious, and before Father removed his spectacles preparatory to retiring, he slipped upstairs.

Everything was as prescribed in the room. Queer, but there was a slip somewhere. A slight rustling in the adjoining closet caught his attention. He opened the door cautiously. In the middle of the large airy place stood a little red table, a childhood toy, bearing the remains of a regal supper. Underneath, playfully toying with the evening paper sat Tabby, Father's especial pet.

Quite a cozy little retreat. No wonder he didn't come to a supper of milk and eggs. The joke was on Bob. As he went down the hall, from below, the strain of "The Old Oaken Bucket," picked out on the piano with one finger, floated upstairs borne on a faint aroma of tobacco smoke.

Lois put her head out as he passed. "Who is that?"

Bob smiled. "Oh, just Father."

—MARGARET JENKINS, '21.



HILE, in other camps, contests to determine the champion eater were going on, in the Second Aero squadron, which had reached England two weeks before, existed a unique sort of rivalry in which the winners were the ones who arrived at the table last, ate least, and left the table first. The reason lay in the menu, which, ever since their coming, had read something like this:

Rabbit Stew
Fried Rabbit
Broiled Rabbit
Rabbit a la England, etc., etc.

The ranking lieutenant of the company looked at the rows of untouched plates containing rabbit in some form or other. He realized that an underfed, discontented division would be none to his credit, and that something must be done. Nothing more than rabbit was available, and he was no magician. A long conference with the cook failed to bring any results. The lieutenant paced the floor and then began inspecting the shelves. Among other things he found some prunes, pickles, and a variety of spices. He looked thoughtful for a while, and then grinned as he called the cook to his side. "Do you think we can work it?" he asked. The cook nodded.

"Chicken Fricassee" glared the doughboys in the face, the next morning. The proverbial thunderbolt out of a clear sky could not have surprised them any more than this sign did. They could not believe the witness of their eyes. It was too good to be true. On this day there were no men straggling into the mess hall; in their stead, a yelling, pushing, jubilant crowd formed when dinner time was yet an hour off. When the doors of the "eat house" were at last thrown open, the men rushed in like so many starving maniacs; and when the mess was placed on the table, there was a general shout of, "Oh, man;" and then not another sound but that of grinding teeth was heard.

In the kitchen, the pickles and prunes were gone; the spice in the cans had diminished greatly, and the pot where the "day-before-leavings" were usually kept, was empty. The lieutenant heaved a sigh of relief, watched a while longer, and then winked at the cook, who was rubbing his beefy hands together. As he made his exit, he muttered, "You don't always have to hypnotize a man to make him think he's eating sugar when you're feeding him strychnine." —THEODORE MEDIAS, '21.



HE gridiron shook with a chorus of cheers as the home eleven trotted upon the field. Every Marathon rooter was on his feet, calling vociferously on the various members of the team to "sock it to 'em," "eat 'em up," and, in other various ways, to disintegrate the opposing players. Even "Fatty" Burgess, acknowledged as the heaviest-weight of Marathon High, was busily engaged in preserving his balance, and in admonishing the tackles "not to leave a grease spot of 'em."

It was the semi-final game of the season, for many years played with Oakland High School of Freemont. The last contest between the two opposing teams had resulted in a victory for Oakland, and this year, Marathon was eagerly hoping for adequate retaliation. The final game with Wales High of Freemont, the crowning feature of the football season, was scheduled to come off three days later, and Coach Lane had

predicted that if Marathon defeated Oakland by a reasonable margin, their chances would be above par in the closing contest. In the mind of every loyal rooter, these chances had their foundation in Ransdall, star quarterback of the team.

Meanwhile, Ransdall and his team-mates were forming their line for the kick-off. The whistle sounded, and the fray began. The ball sailed far back to Oakland's forty-yard line before it was finally captured by the huge center, and he was forced to the ground, almost immediately, by the quarter-back of the home team.

The bleachers shrilled their exultation. Never had there been a fleetier quarter! So it seemed; for Ransdall and his fellows, working like a powerful battering ram, literally overran the opposing team. An over-whelming victory for Marathon was apparent. The first half ended with a score of 24-0, Marathon.

While the exuberant students paraded up and down the field to the

QUARTER-BACK-AND-CHEMIST

tune of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" Ransdall and his comrades were having a refreshing rub-down and a bowl of soup in the dressing quarters.

"I don't see how we can possibly beat them," jokingly remarked Ransdall, as he swallowed the hot soup which the Chinese cook, hired for such occasions, had just handed him. "They've run up too much of a score! We haven't got a chance!"

"Nope," acquiesced Nelson, the center. "Impossible!"

"Call off the funeral, and let's go!" urged Patrel, the full-back. "We want fifty points this game!"

Again they swept upon the field. After the preliminary practice, the whistle sent the ball sailing towards the Marathon goal for the beginning of the second half. Suddenly, the watchers on the side lines noticed that there was something wrong with Ransdall. He was perceptibly slower, alarmingly so, indeed! He missed an easy forward pass, and the home rooters groaned in unison for the first time during the contest. Oakland scored their first touchdown. Things grew worse! The score was tied, and only five minutes remained in which to play. Ransdall was experiencing one of the queerest battles of his life. He had never felt so tired and weak. He seemed to be dragging heavy chains wherever he went. Even his mentality was numbed. He stumbled along as if in a dream.

Someone on the bleachers uttered the terrible condemnation, "He's yellow!" and the malediction immediately spread. There was no other explanation but that Ransdall was really a quitter. Some of the most loyal ones kept silent, but that did not remedy the situation. Things went on from bad to worse, for Marathon, until, by the final touchdown of the day, Nelson saved the day.

The following afternoon, "Fatty" Burgess came to visit Ransdall at his home. He was the first school mate to seek the quarter-back since the game which had ruined the player's reputation. Ransdall had not ventured out. He was busily engaged at his pet hobby. His chum found him in his room, surrounded by chemical paraphernalia of all kinds. He tactfully refrained from mentioning Ransdall's disgrace of yesterday.

"Well, oid top," he exclaimed, "I see you're at it again!"

"Oh yes," rejoined the former star thoughtfully.

"You gonna give me another lesson?" laughingly queried "Tubby," referring to the fact that Ransdall was in the habit of explaining all of his ideas to his sympathizing chum.

"Take a seat, please," mocked Ranny; "I will proceed to demonstrate. Here we have a white mouse, genus rum-rumious, guaranteed to be a mouse, and here are samples of chloral acetamide, aldol, cyanhydrin, and

QUARTER-BACK-AND-CHEMIST

hydrate. I will now dip a grain of corn into this chloral hydrate, and feed it to the rum-rumious. You percieve!"

The mouse actually began to show symptoms of its dose. Whereas formerly it had run lightly about, it now could hardly move. Its features stiffened, and it died in exactly three minutes.

"Looks sompin' like you did yesterday," remarked "Tubby" thoughtlessly.

"Hum, so it does," agreed Ransdall; and he grew thoughtful.

Finally he pulled himself together and grabbed his hat and coat.

"Whatcha gonna do?" queried Burgess.

"Come on," was all that Ranny would say.

The quarter-back led his companion at a running gait to the football field. Long before he got there, "Tubby" was puffing along behind. Ranny's actions were a complete puzzle to the mystified fat boy. The quarter entered the dressing room with a skeleton key, seized an innocent looking bottle which he found on the cooking table, and the fished out a little cold soup in the bottom of a bowl near by. It was the bowl from which he had obtained nourishment the day before. He poured the soup into another bottle which he had in his pocket.

"Say! Are you hungry?" scornfully asked Tubby.

"It's lucky the cook wasn't cleanly enough to wash up," answered Ranny.

"Huh," uttered his thoroughly disgusted companion; "you'd better go see the cook about it, and reward him!"

"That's just exactly what I'm going to do," rejoined the quarter, smiling. Sure enough, he set out towards the little shanty in which lived the Chinese representative in question.

"Tubby" saw him knock at the door and go inside. Through the little window he watched, while Ranny conversed earnestly with the owner of the pig-tail. Finally he saw Ranny give the Chinese a half-dollar.

"Loony!" sorrowfully thought "Tubby" as he followed the youthful exploiter back to his home.

Ranny hurried straight to his room, and began to experiment with the contents of the two bottles he had brought. He gave a second mouse a dose from the first bottle, and it died almost immediately. He dropped a powder into the soup; a jelly-like precipitate formed, and he killed a third mouse with it.

"Oh," exclaimed "Tubby." He had begun to see light.

By the next evening, thanks to the efforts of "Fatty," the whole school was prepared to hear the principal give a startling account of a rare bit of treachery. The fact that a player on the Oakland team had given the Chinese cook a new seasoning, which he said Ranny had told him to have placed in his soup, was the big detail which had been missing up to that time.

The following afternoon, a rejuvenated quarter-back and star player led his team to victory against Wales.

—BROOKS BLOSSOM, '22.

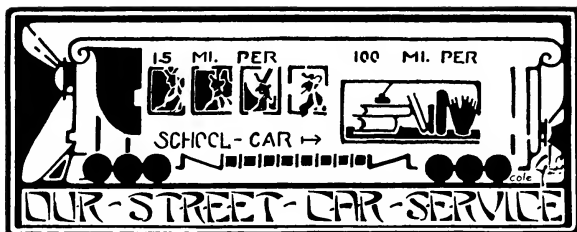


NE morning, at about 8:40 o'clock, a brave Shortridge lad was strolling about the extensive ground of our beloved school, when a faint odor of smoke was borne to him on the breeze. Startled by this unusual scent, for Mr. Buck had been waging a victorious war on those addicted to the terrible pleasures of tobacco, our hero set off like a bloodhound. But what was his surprise to find, instead of a small group of law-breakers, an ominous column of smoke issuing from a basement window. With truly noble spirit he dashed madly into the office, where he found the usual line awaiting Mr. Dirks' jurisdiction. He meekly took his place in the line and waited his turn. In the meantime, others had noticed the smoke, and Mr. Wade valiantly took a fire extinguisher and dashed amid the flames. He quickly emerged with some singed hair and the tiny extinguisher, which seemed to have added vigor to the flames. By this time our hero, now coming to his turn, politely wished Mr. Dirks a good morning, and then carelessly added that the old building was ablaze.

The alarm was immediately rung, and everyone gleefully turned out. As soon as the cause of this pleasant recess from the honors of Latin, Geometry, Physics, etc., was made known, several youths, realizing the danger, decided school was no place for them, and so hastened joyfully to the nearest movie. Many others hastened to follow this cautious example. A large crowd gathered about the main point of interest, and watched with dying hopes, as the red flames turned to harmless smoke. As soon as the fire began to fade away, Mr. Buck threw a cordon around the school to prevent further departure on the part of the students, to whom he gave orders to gather in the auditorium. Hither all the unfortunates went like lambs to the slaughter. The sad announcement was then made that all classes would continue.

By this time rumors had reached Tech and Manual. At Tech it was known that Mr. Buck had perished in the flames in an effort to save a poor little Freshman girl. At Manual it was authentically reported that eight hundred students had been pinned beneath a falling wall. However, despite these rumors, aside from our respected chemistry teacher's crisply curled locks, no catastrophe was evident. Thus ended the terrible fire, and it is my earnest hope that never again will a fire—at least such an uninteresting one—break out at Shortridge unless I am there to see it.

—JACK STREET, '21.



UR fair city's known afar,
 From coast to coast, from mount to mount,
 Ahead in many things we are;
 But the street care service "sure's no count."

We've pretty parks, we've pretty streets,
 We've many a pretty lane;
 But oh the thing that "takes the beets,"
 The street car service is our bane.

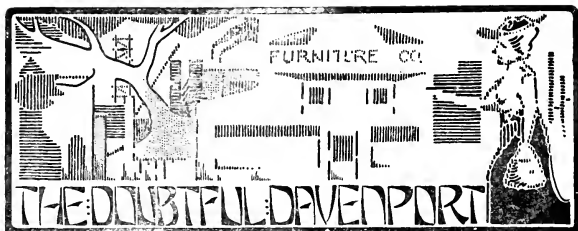
We've heard about the other lines;
 They're bad; that well we know,
 But the cars that wear the "Penna" signs
 Have caused ourselves much woe.

Their wheels are the latest in watches;
 Octagonal and thin as a dime;
 Their p'rif'ry is filled with small notches,
 They never arrive on good time.

'Tis in vain that I beg him to hurry,
 The motorman simply laughs;
 He says to me, "Why should I worry?"
 The same as the rest of his craft.

I resign myself to unkind fate;
 O, in my head a sad thought lurks,
 For I will surely come too late,
 And have to go to Mr. Dirks.

—RUTH THOMAS.



MR. SNARKER deprived the simmering pork chops of her attentions long enough to thrust her head through the kitchen door-way. "We're through! Harry's seventy-five cents made just enough. Now when Cousin Homer comes, he can sleep on a brand-new davenport, and the boys won't need to double up."

The family greeted this announcement with a joyful shout which caused the elderly Mrs. Fink, upstairs, hastily to apply her ear to the floor in an endeavor to find out the cause of this unseemly clamor. George voiced the sentiments of the family: "Gee whiz, I won't feel natural spending a nickel for a Saturday Evening Post."

For almost a year the Snarker family, nine according to the census, had been practicing the strictest economy in order to acquire a further adornment to their five room flat: to wit, a davenport. None of your cheap apologies, which, when unfolded, required the combined efforts of the janitor and the people across the hall to get it "put back together," but a real honest-to-goodness, thirty-nine dollars and fifty cent one with a guaranteed mattress, such as one seen in pictures, with a bull-dog gamely tugging at its indestructible stuffing. From the blond, sophisticated Estelle, who worked in one of the big offices in the city, to the also blonde but not so sophisticated Marie, aged five, who, though rather hazy as to the general aim of all this penury, was doing her utmost to the extent of a penny-a-week allowance, they had all had their finger in the pie.

After George had unboasted himself, the paternal fountain-head of wisdom was struck by an idea which he speedily communicated to the rest. "I'll tell you what! I'll take the money down in the morning and get four ten-dollar gold pieces for it." This by virtue of a bookkeepership in the the Farmers' Savings and Trust Company. "It'll be fine for your mother to go in and clap down four gold pieces like that. None of this cheap installment stuff for me! We pay cash."

Already Mrs. Snarker had made full preparation for the momentous occasion. Her dearest enemy, Mrs. Henrietta Smee, who was reputed to have henpecked herself into a substantial life insurance settlement, and

THE DOUBTFUL DAVENPORT

who, as a result, was putting on unbecoming airs, was to accompany her. Mrs. Smee was silenced for once by the reported magnitude of the purchase.

"Gee!" rhapsodized Estelle internally, "this'll come in handy with that new fellow I met today." Carefully depositing her chewing gum on the bed post, she made ready to retire.

The next afternoon, in all her glory, Mrs. Snarker set about the business of buying the davenport. Talking busily about the rumored break in the O'Farrell family, due to Mr. O'Farrell's propensity for violence when influenced by the current quality of hooch, they at length arrived down town.

They arrived at the scene of battle and a gentlemanly salesman took them in charge. Mrs. Snarker knew already what kind of a davenport she wanted, but she was not sure what kind of upholstery should adorn it. The salesman mentally reviewed the possibilities and girded himself; as it were, to sell her the only one in the house. Mrs. Smee was of the opinion that it wouldn't 'go' well with the wall paper, but in her over-awed condition she offered a more feeble resistance than usual. However, the salesman had a line that Mrs. Snarker "fell for," and after the detail of choosing the davenport, she fumbled for her purse.

"My Lord, Henrietta! I've lost my purse!"

A hurry-up call to the Farmers' Saving and Trust brought home Mr. Snarker, literally on the gallop. Mrs. Snarker had evidently sensed that Mrs. Ence had not been so enthusiastic in her condolences as she might have been, but the look in her eye warned Wellington not to bandy words with her. After having ascertained the circumstances as nearly as possible, he telephoned the street car company, and was politely informed that seldom did such an article get past the conductor, let alone the reclaim office. Of course the police would be useless, but it would be a comfort to tell them about it, so he telephoned them. He was assured that the matter would be given immediate attention and that all patrolmen would be instructed to watch the spenders of en-dollar gold pieces. The hopeful desk-sergeant advised the placing of a want-ad in the paper.

By this time the family was assembling in numbers. "I knew it," groaned George, "it didn't seem right to be blowing in eight cents for a 'coke.'"

"Here's where I hand this guy a line for another nine months. Doesn't look like I'd ever be able to have a gentleman friend to see me," soliloquized Estelle.

The days went on and there seemed to be little prospect of ever regaining the lost money. Mr. Snarker was forced to return to the wiles of old Henrietta. He sneaked his pine in the alley in order that his family might not denounce him as a traitor.

THE DOUBTFUL DAVENPORT

To cap Mrs. Snarker's climax, Mrs. Smee acquired a tip top table, which she fiendishly told Mr. Snarker was the only thing to have because of the way its top tilted out of the way when the bed was out.

Despairing of the efficacy of the want-ad, they allowed it to lapse.

Finally, one evening, Mr. Snarker appeared in a terrible turmoil. He could hardly wait to get inside the door before he pulled from his pocket an envelope. Before the astonished faces of his off-spring he read the following epistle:

deer sir

i am a barber which lives in amarillo tex the other day a customer left one of your newspapers. i seen youre advertizement in it. i found the perse when i was riding on the trolly to the station to take the trane to come back hear and i didn't have no time to do nothing about it but will send same if you send back reward.

yours affectionately,

William P. Meakins.

This time the elderly Mrs. Fink, upstairs, was saved the trouble of listening at the floor.

—MALCOLM JILLSON, '21.

SISTER JANE OBSERVES



OME well meaning senior, preferably Dorothy McCullough, might will her secret of brilliancy to the underclassmen who heretofore have been star-gazers.

Lewis Riley has gained quite a reputation for having the most nicknames of anyone at Shortridge. Numbered among his collection are: Duke, Lew, Baby Lew, Bulldog, Irish, Ho-Ho, Funny, and Sweetheart. That isn't half of them!

Virginia Jones has invented a new way to get a group of girls together. The secret is to invite them an hour earlier than you want them!

Irma Ulrich, honorable vice-president of the Junior Drama League and Caroline Godley, esteemed secretary the class of '22, those inseparable juniors, will soon forget what their names really are if the people they know keep on calling Irma, "Caroline" and Caroline, "Irma."

We wish to suggest that Peggy Waters deserves this year's silver loving cup for having had the most "cases."

Milton Callons must be a strong man. We have heard that he can break silver dollars! Must be a wonderful sensation!

HELEN GWARTNEY, '21.

A-PHASE-OF-SPRING



ALKING just ahead of me, one beautiful spring day, was the most spick and span professor in _____ College. He is noted for his tailor-made clothing, his dustless shoes, his shiny walking stick, his satin smooth hair, and his glossy derby. He is also noted for his quick, short, jerky steps, his girlish giggle, his fear of soiled hands and dust specks upon his too well kept person. A hair out of place on his head causes him agonies, and he is said to flip, with his handkerchief, dust from the inside of his hat before replacing it on his head.

"Observing thus," I was struck dumb to behold him suddenly duck, wheel to one side, hop, jump, dodge, duck again, snatch his hat from his head, (regardless of disaster to his hair) slap it around, beat it against himself, leap up and squat down. To my overwrought imagination, he seemed to be dodging a dust speck; but coming closer, just slightly closer, for I was a little awed of the performance, I beheld the cause of this Dervish-like calisthenics. It was just a little, chilly "phase of spring," a honey bee, looking for a place to warm his toes.

—HARRIET HESTER.

WHAT-MOTHER-THINKS-I-AM

(Awarded Second Prize.)



'M sure that I'd be satisfied
In all this world of sham
If I could be, it seems to me,
What mother thinks I am.

For she, I guess, thinks I possess
What wisest men have shown
To be the thing that's sure to bring
Me joy when I am grown.

But then they say 'tis mothers' way
To think their sons the best.
So thus you see, 'tis plain to me,
I'm just like all the rest.

But then to strive and to arrive
Above this worldly sham,
Would simply be to make of me
What mother thinks I am.

—HAROLD GOODE, '22.

BROWNIE COTTAGE



ESTLED there among the trees,
On a high hill, where the breeze
Wafts the fragrance from the shore
Of Sweet William and green mint,
Stands a cottage.

And on the hillside many a glint
Of hollyhock, windswept o'er.

There's a winding path that leads
To the cool porch, where the eaves
Fairly burst with melody.

Stately oaks just brush the roof,
Where chimney swallows build aloof,
And twitter all day ceaselessly.

And o'er it all the mellow haze
Of lazy Indian summer days,
In shady nooks, in hours of ease.
Perhaps an angel passing through,
Exposed a bit of heaven to view,
In this spot—"Nature's Masterpiece."

—MARY CHAMNESS.



THE LAKE

Between the hills a gem was laid
Within the coolness and the shade.
A fairy's mirror perhaps to be,
The counterpart of heav'n to see,
Set round about with towering trees
And rushes wavering in the breeze.
A lake, within whose depth afar,
There lies at rest, a baby star.
Its limpid waters in the gleam
Of setting sun, like copper seem,
And burnished ripples kiss an isle
Where ivy climbs and star-flowers smile;
With graceful willows bending low
To glimpse a golden cloud below,
And lofty maples stretching high
In trusted friendship with the sky.



MISS VIRGINIA E. CLAYBAUGH



IN silence move the mighty works of God,
 In silence flow the currents of the deep,
 In silence on their paths the planet's sweep,
 In silence spring the flow'rs above the sod.
 The wise are slow, their feet with patience shod,
 Great thoughts mature in hush, profound as sleep,
 The stronges purposes their counsels keep,
 The vision comes on paths in stillness trod.

Thy quiet ways, dear friend, gave proof of force
 Like Nature's own—not hesitant though still,
 A force that, pausing for the Light, at length
 Moves calmly forward on a reasoned course.

With gentle womanhood thou didst instill
 The truth, "In quietness shall be your strength."

—ANGELINE CAREY.

THE-MEASURE-OF-A-HERO

A Play In One Act

Time: October, 1919.

Place: Spicers Ford, a small mountain town in Kentucky.

Characters: Lieutenant Jesse Hollman; John Hollman, his father; Sally Hollman, his mother; Joe Dalton, a neighbor; Jimmy Dalton, his son; George Larison, a vaudeville manager; Carter Mills, Sally Hollman's father.

(The scene is laid in the Hollman cabin. A large open fire throws fantastic shadows on the white-washed walls and simple furnishings. The only other light in the room is from an oil lamp set on a small table at one end of the room. All are grouped around the fire; Jesse Hollman, in the uniform of a lieutenant, is seated in the center of the group. It is his first night at home from France where he has performed an unparalleled act of bravery.)

ACT I

John Hollman: (proudly) Well Jess, we're mighty proud of ye. Land, I reckon ye just about busted all the records over thar in France. Why, guess what come today——

Sally Hollman: A letter from South Americky, Jess! And——

John Hollman: Now hush up Sally! And what d'ye think it said? Said they'd "be highly honored if Lieutenant Hollman would tower Argentine in the near future." And of course ye'll go. Land, I wouldn't be more stuck up if ye was 'lected president. I'm just about to bust now.

Carter Mills: Now look-ahere Jesse, ye don't want to sail around with your nose in the clouds jest because ye've did yer duty. I reckon——

Sally Hollman: What air ye sayin' pa! Jess has got better cause'n any one I know to feel proud. If you'd captured thirty machine guns and a hundred and ninety Germans all alone, ye wouldn't be talkin' that way.

Carter Mills: Well, but it don't look right to me, somehow to blow so. 'Taint been the custom of the Mills ner the Hollmans neither.

Sally Hollman: Blowin'? Who's blowin'? Not Jess!

Joe Dalton: Jess, ye han't said a word about it yet. Ain't ye glad? Speak up, son!

Jimmy Dalton: Where's all yer medals, Jess? How many hev ye got?—Twelve!

Joe Dalton: Twenty, more likely!

Jesse Hollman: Slow up, Joe. I'm not the whole American Army! I don't know how many I have got. Seven, I guess. But let's talk about something else, for tonight anyway. Then I'll make ye a speech out thar on the stile if necessary. But what's the news around here? How's Purvey and his smithy? And where's Annie? I haven't got a glimpse of her yet. Will she be over tonight?

John Hollman: (Slowly) Now see here, Jess, Annie was all very well three year ago, but seein' how things has come out, we all understands, and she does too, thet ye ain't bounden to her no more. Ye're a great man now—what was it thet letter said, Sally?—Oh, yes! "A international hero!" And I guess "international heroes" kin about hev their pick of wives. And what do ye mean—"Purvey's smithy"? Ye don't mean ye're goin' back thar fer seventy-nine cents a day! I guess not! Ye could git two hundred a week in Argentine! No, I reckon ye'd better give up the idee of Annie and Purvey's smithy. Why, I wouldn't be a bit surprised an'—

THE-MEASURE-OF-A-HERO

Jesse Hollman: Hold on, dad! I reckon I'm jest about the same inside as when I left. An' as for Annie—Why for the yast five years I've never planned the future without her. I guess, grandad, you know what the right woman means to a man? No. dad, Annie's my "pick of wives"! What's got into ye all? I think like grandad here—

(Knocking is heard at door. Sally opens it.)

George Larison: (Outside) Is this the Hollman place?

Sally Hollman: (in excited voice) Yes, mister, it is. Step right in.

Larison: Thank you, madam, (hands her his hat) Larison is my name. I would like to speak to Lieutenant Hollman, if you please.

Jesse Hollman: (coming forward) That's my name, Mr. Larison. Won't you sit down?

Larison: (shaking Jesse's hand and seating himself) I feel greatly honored to meet you, Lieutenant, and I'll not take any more of your time than is necessary. I am assistant manager of the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit, and am here to see about obtaining some of your time. I have the contract here. It only lacks your signature. I can offer you a thousand a week. Needless to say, we would feel ourselves fortunate if you would consider the proposition.

(Silence for a few moments, Larison politely waiting for Jesse's answer, Jesse looking uncomfortable, and the others staring incredulously. Then Jesse breaks the silence.)

Jesse: I thank ye a mighty lot, Mr. Larison, and I hate to disappoint ye, and (turning to his father) a thousand dollars is sure some increase in wages, eh Dad? But I can't take money from American citizens fer just braggin' to 'em about what I did in France. Mebbe you never looked at it that way, and I ain't blamin' ye any, but it seems to me thet thet's about the low-downist thing I could do, now. Like Jacob sellin' his birth-right fer a mess o' pottage. If I've done half as much as you all say I have, I can't spoil it by turnin' it into gain fer myself. I reckon thet heroism, if it is heroism, means sacrifice, an' so—well I can't seem to say what I want to, but I can't accept your offer, Mr. Larison.

(He pauses. Every one gasps except Jesse's grandfather, whose eyes are shining. Jesse continues.)

Jesse: I haven't said anything about it to the folks, but I've just about got my job planned out. Many's the time I've thought it all over, lyin' rolled up in my blanket and lookin' up at the stars. I thought thet, since everyone was makin' such a fuss over me takin' a few Germans and guns, thet mebbe they'd listen to me if I went all over the country and asked them to give good schools to little mountain children like Jimmy here, so they can grow up to be good citizens. I thought thet I'd helped to do away with soldiers and war. I thought thet what we need now is educated men and women, who can carry on the work us soldiers have begun. What I did over thar means nothing. The war would have been won without me. But what I'm goin' to do, means everything to the little mountain folks and to the country.

Larison: I see, Lieutenant, that your mind is made up, and you're not the kind that will be urged. Of course as manager of the Orpheum Vaudeville I regret your decision, but as a man I admire and respect it, and I wish you success in your chosen work. Good night, sir.

(He shakes Jesse's hand again, picks up his hat, and leaves.)

John Hollman: Jesse Hollman! Of all the—

Carter Mills: Now, John, don't say another word. (Turning to Jesse he continues huskily) And, son, ye air a hero, now, and no mistake.

—HOLLIS PIATT.

CONCERNING STREET CARS



OR the benefit of those fortunate individuals who have never travelled on a street car and whose idea of a street car, therefore, is not associated with that of a sardine can, I shall proceed to throw some light on this subject.

A street car is a portable, condensing device, having corrugated floors and octagonal wheels. It is very well warmed in the summer, and in the winter its ventilation is unsurpassed.

The chief purpose of the street car is to transport people from one part of a city to another part; but it also makes an excellent excuse for the doctors whenever no other cause for an epidemic can be found. In such cases, street car sanitation is spread all over the front of the daily newspapers, with the result that two ventilators are kept open on each car.

Theoretically, street cars run at stated intervals and pass a given point at a given time, but I have long been of the opinion that the person who arranged that schedule was a member of the Optimists' Club. This idealist would have cars running with clock-like regularity, but he apparently doesn't know street cars; for street cars are inclined to be sociable and prefer to group themselves as close together as they can. This leaves between groups a long stretch through which imaginary cars are flitting back and forth. Now this is all very well, but people do not ride on their imaginations.

The only people who do not class the service as the "worst ever" are the people who don't ride on the street cars. Occasionally a real estate agent, when talking to a prospective victim, describes the service in glowing terms.

About "every so often" an old relic of the ante bellum days makes a public appearance—one of the old obsolete "pay if you want to; get on at both ends" variety. To be more specific, a car which the passenger boards, and who, when the conductor comes around, "lets his conscience be his guide." It is easy to understand how economical it is to develop an offended, "What's th' matter with yuh, I paid yuh" look. This expression is very effective, as is the far-away stare or yesterday's transfer resting daintily in the coat pocket.

Another species, known as summer cars, is migratory, appearing only in the summer, and is easily distinguished from other cars by the coloring, which is a somewhat less brilliant hue, and by the fact that it is open to dust. A properly constructed summer car will convert a summer shower into a splendid shower bath "without extra charge, whatsoever."

But the reader may receive the impression that the life of a street car passenger is one of continual torment; and so it is, to a certain degree,

CONCERNING STREET CARS

and yet, along with its disadvantages there are certain enjoyments. For instance, the passing of a fire department is quite an attraction when viewed by the "contents" of a street car; two or three are simply sensational. Then too, the street car library, pasted just above the windows, is very interesting upon the first reading, and leaves no vestige of a doubt as to what is the best in any particular line mentioned.

A harmless little game which is indulged in by persons reading the daily papers, is that of trying to fold the newspaper so that the owner can see the greatest possible amount of news, and so that, at the same time, the people around can see practically none of the reading matter. The game has been practiced so long that both the reader and the person trying to read have become expert along this line.

But after all, street cars, crowded or not, disagreeable or otherwise, at least answer the purpose for which they were intended, that is, of conveying as great a number of people at as low a rate as possible. Let him who complains either suggest some way of improving conditions, or let him forever hold his peace. As for myself, and I trust that I may speak for my companions in misery, I shall continue to ride on the street cars, and I am confident that they will be running long after I shall have become so old that my daughter-in-law will breathe a sigh of relief when I leave the house, and even when I shall be helping to push up the grass in Crown Hill. And if you consider the matter carefully, I believe that you will agree with me.

—ROBERT PARKER, '21.

SPRING



N fields and woods
The violets bloomed,
The grass grew tall,
The bluebirds sang
By brook and stream,
The willows drooped,
For spring had come.

In the clear, blue sky,
The sun shone bright,
The clouds sailed by,
The robins soared.
On land and sea,
All hearts were light.
For spring had come.

—RUTH RANKIN, '21.

THEIR-DAY-AND-OURS



SINCE November 21, 1620, the memory of the Pilgrim fathers has been engraved in ineffaceable characters on the scroll of history. The story of these our heroic predecessors has never been dim in the minds of succeeding generations. John Endicott, Governor Bradstreet, Governor Winthrop, and Miles Standish are among those added to the everlasting roster of world heroes. These men laid the cornerstone of our nation. Their strength has been extolled, their courage, lauded, and their honor, praised throughout seven generations. That they were hardy, self-sacrificing, fearless, conscientious men, we have learned from countless panegyrics by innumerable authors.

With this true reverence for our forefathers, has come a lower regard for our present day. There is a general impression that our country's best days lie behind us, that we no longer find outstanding figures possessing the gallant traits of our progenitors, and that the characteristics of the Pilgrims are never to impel the modern man to action. In short, there is a widespread disposition to croak. In bemoaning our degraded state of affairs, we fail to observe that the gods have again been good, and have given to the present era, one possessing the commanding traits of the Pilgrims, reproduced in all their original glory.

Theodore Roosevelt, the scion of a family of wealth, possessing from birth a body slighted by nature, facing low moral standards and insidious corrupting influences, emerged like a Puritan, triumphant from the testing fires. Never did he succumb to the pernicious opportunities afforded by wealth; never did he falter in his path of right; even the barriers of nature he surmounted, and builded for himself a physical strength to be envied. Roosevelt exemplified all the rugged strength, the upright honesty, the dauntless courage, and the admirable simplicity of character so eulogized in our forefathers. And he made one step in advance; always he was cheerful, hopeful, happy in spirit—they were not.

Roosevelt was *our* man, of our day, and is eternal proof that we are not deteriorating. The magic of Time lends a glamour to the past, hiding the dark spots and permitting only the pure gold to shine through. We need not fear for our place on history's record; for we, too, will ever be remembered for the noble deeds of the great men of our epoch.

—DOUGLAS COOK.

(Chosen to represent the Shortridge Alumni of 1920.)

LAND-OF-DREAMS



WHEN the glowing haze of night
Hangs from east to west,
And the gentle breeze of ev'n,
Wafts sweet tho'ts of rest;
Then the dross of earthly life,
Shines and glows and gleams;
Then every man 'mong high and low,
Is King, in Land of Dreams.

When the orb of golden splendor,
Dips yon rugged hills,
Bathing all in fiery wonder,
Gilding faults and ills,
Then from out the human heart
Goodness nobly beams;
Then every man of every shore,
Rules King, in Land of Dreams.

And when at last, the heav'nly deep,
In darkness hides in black arrayed,
Then the tho'ts of men and women,
Pass in grand parade;
And in this realm of glory bright,
Their hopes revive, it seems,
And every man of every clime,
Reigns King in Land of Dreams.

—ALEXANDER DOWLING, '21.

BLAME-BUT-ME



IF I go blundering through my life
With soul in fetter, my work half done,
'Tis I that know what path I trod;
What goal of peace or pain I've won.

If my free will doth make my life
A thing of folly or craft of foal,
Then I can blame no other man;
I chart my life and lay my rule.

—HAROLD GOODE, '22.

FATE-L-SING AND THE WOMAN



WE see many incidents, both humorous and tragic, in our great institute of learning. But, intent upon that one object, namely, to obtain knowledge, we are too preoccupied to note them. For this reason, dear reader, I shall rehearse to you a most tragic incident which happened not long ago in one of the classes of an excellent teacher whom I am about to mention.

In this class there are two eminent Caesar stars—cousins—a boy and a girl, who have so enjoyed their research in this ancient tongue, that they have at times repeated a part of the course solely for the love of it.

One evening when said cousins were most prodigiously preparing a lesson in Latin composition, our heroine failed to understand the construction of a particular sentence. Our hero rescued our heroine from further exasperation by a most logical explanation. We know not whether it was the appealing appearance of the fair lady or merely the fact that our hero is subject to frequent fits of jocularity, that impelled him to exclaim, "Woman, thou art most dense. Rememb'rest thou not that when the verb 'throw' is preceded by a subject and followed by an object and a prepositional phrase, the adjective 'poor' is placed before the object of the preposition when it is translated into the original tongue?" Alas again! For with untold rapture she mistook the villain's words for the truth.

We shall pass now to the class room where the teacher presides as "monarchess" over the select and brilliant assembly of subjects. She "points out and designates with her eyes," as friend Cicero would say, our fair lady as the destined one.

Our heroine reads, "The men throw stones at the poor Romans."

Horried, the pedagogue proceeds to inquire whence comes the unwellcomed adjective. Our heroine, likewise horrified at the displeasing effect that said adjective has upon the instructor, without delay recites for her the villain's axiom. With a flashing of her beautiful eyes the preceptor turns upon the hero, demanding an immediate explanation.

And I tell you truly, dear reader, that worse perturbation than then ensued, never before existed within the walls of our dear Alma Mater. Here words fail me; for it requires more skill than I possesses to portray to you in living colors the conclusion of this dire tragedy.

—KATHRYN BOWLBY, '23.

Uneasy lies the liner writer's head,
As through the night he's greatly bored
To find the proper adjective to lend
Importance to the senior horde.



WHO remembers those first puffs—little narrow rolls covering the upper half of the ear? Most of us were shocked at them, especially at the method of their construction, but others persisted in wearing them, until we all succumbed to the epidemic (that is, all but a strong-minded, sensible few, with the courage of their convictions). With the increasing popularity of this fad, new possibilities were realized in the arrangement of the side hair. At first, mere largeness of size satisfied our desire for the bizarre. But gradually new styles developed, divers fantastical touches were added. Some fashioned wings over the ears; others, round balls; still others, drooping ones. With the advent of the hair net and the marcelle-wave, nothing seems impossible in the coiffure.

Seriously, the late modes have been a boon to girls with scanty locks and to girls with over-abundance of hair. Now, since the imitation-bob has been worn for four years and accepted as the prevailing style, the vanguards of fashion, desiring the unusual, are appearing with the ears uncovered; so I venture to predict that before many moons have passed, we will have seen the last of puffs.

—GRACE TAYLOR.







GENERAL-ATHLETICS



"BAD year for Shortridge athletics," says it all. No alibi need be offered; it was just a plain case of lack of experienced or prospective athletes. It was through no fault of the coaches or student body that the past 1920-21 seasons have not brought to light a consistent winner among the Shortridge teams.

It might be said that the football and track teams showed the most stuff although neither one set the sporting world agog. Basket ball and baseball brought forth the poorest material in years. Tennis, golf, and bowling came in for their share of interest and glory.

With the exception of one or two men, the football team was made up of mediocre material that was trained down to the minute. Head Coach Julius got the maximum amount of scientific play out of his men, a fact which accounts for the success that came to the gridders. Brain and not brawn advanced the oval many yards for the Blue and White. Two won and four dropped was the final count.

With nine games won and eighteen lost, the basket season of 1920-21 can not be called a success so far as per cent. is concerned. However, if the insurmountable difficulties, surrounding the last season's five are taken into consideration, the result of the twenty-seven games is not so disappointing. Inexperienced material and the best teams in the state as opponents are the major causes for the slim average.

The seniors won the school basket honors by defeating class '22, 27-26, in a bang up battle. Ronald Garrett, hailing from Broad Ripple, was the whole works for the winners while Litz was the junior mainstay. Harvey led the seniors while Kilgore was the losers' captain. It was a real game of basket ball as one would judge by the score.

Mr. Watson and Mr. Kuebler of the faculty are credited with putting across the largest tennis tourney that was ever held at any high school in the state. Over a hundred men signed up, and of these Dixon and Sagalowsky, showed wonderful form, while Edson Wood and Val McLeay were not far behind. Dixon, city junior champ with a slashing stroke and dazzling net game was the class of the tourney. The matches were held at Fairview and Brookside parks.

Out of an entry list of seventeen men, Cooke Coen again won the golf tourney. Coen was "right" when it came to driving, and his approaches and green work were excellent for a youngster. The juvenile players of the city were entered, their game being pulled off at South Grove.



Since its name suggests, it is the object of the Shakespeare Club to make a thorough study of the works of Shakespeare. This semester, the plays studied by the club were Othello and the Merchant of Venice. The plays were read, and whenever possible the scenes were acted out. On one occasion a theater party was given by the club to see Othello. After the resignation of Miss Brayton as censor, Mrs. Thomas was elected to that office. The officers are: Brooks Blossom, president; Jeannette Nunamaker, vice-president; Thelma Smith, secretary. This is one of the younger clubs, but it has made a good start.



Since 1909 the Story Tellers' Club was organized by Miss Zella O'Hair, and ever since, it has ranked among the leading clubs of the school. This year, in addition to studying the classic myths, the students have dramatized stories and written some original stories. The Greek narratives and humorous stories which were related at some of the meetings were also a source of enjoyment to the club members. The club is open to all English II's. The officers this semester are: Elizabeth Hurd, president; Hampton Wells, vice-president; Almon Cobal, recording secretary; Margaret Woessner, enrolling secretary; Dorothy Peterson, treasurer.



The purpose of the Physiography Club is to take long tramps in the out-of-doors, in order to make a special study of rock and earth formations. On account of bad weather and other interruptions, the usual number of meetings were not held during the first semester, and the officers who had been elected for the fall term, were reappointed in February. The hikes this spring have been well attended and quite worth while. Miss Washburn, assisted by Miss Allerdice and Mr. Hadley, is sponsor of the club. Marion Campbell is president; Isabelle Richardson, vice-president, and Lois Monaghan, secretary. Some excellent practical instruction has been learned by this club.



Under the direction of Mrs. Watson and Miss Sargent, the Latina Sodalitas has become one of the foremost organizations of Shortridge. The club was founded by Mrs. Watson for the purpose of acquainting Latin students with the life and customs of the Roman people. One of the important features of this year's work was a Latin play entitled, "A Day in the Roman School." Through the efforts of Mary Butler, very fine programs have been provided at all the meetings. The officers are: Edward Zwicker, president; Mary Emily Starr, vice-president; Lorinda Cottingham, secretary, and Virginia Small, treasurer.



HE record made by the "All-Stars" Girls Basketball team this season proves the suitability of their name. Out of fourteen games, the team succeeded in winning thirteen. The only game lost was that with the N. A. G. U. whom the girls had defeated earlier in the season. Miss Bowser's able coaching combined with excellent material was the secret of the success. In commendation of their good work the girls have been awarded S's, the highest athletic award for girls. The substitutes have been awarded S. H. S.'s. The members of the team are: D. Troutman, M. Martin, R. Benton, L. Caldwell, W. Farr, E. Saxon, D. Poindexter and D. Stephenson. Substitutes: N. Fike, M. Fay, J. Forbes, N. Miller.



NOTHER phase in girls' athletics is hockey, which has had a good season. This is the third fall that it has been played by Shortridge girls. Inter-scholastic games and a few with the N. A. G. U. were played. Mrs. Steichman and Mrs. Rice fostered the games. The members of the monogram team: D. Troutman, M. Martin, R. Benton, L. Caldwell, W. Farr, F. Jones, H. Gwartney, D. Poindexter, E. Hahn and A. Pellett. P. Poe and N. Morgan deserve honorable mention. They will likely form a good nucleus for the hockey teams next year.

Mafalda Martin's team won the intra-mural basketball tournament from Wanda Farr's team.

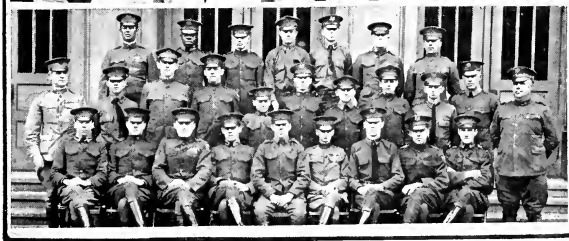
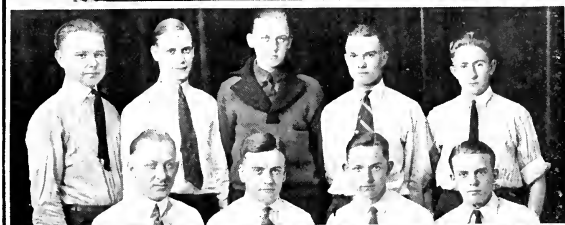


HE only sport of the year in which Shortridge did win success was bowling, under Mr. Watson and Mr. Kuebler. The Blue and White pin smashers won the singles; first, second, and third place in the doubles; and placed first in the city five-man team championship. In fact, Watson's proteges cleaned up everything that came along, Tech and Manual having not even a look-in.

Powers, with unerring accuracy, hit the maples for a total of 561 in the game, which netted him the singles championship against the other two local schools. Powell, pairing with Powers, copped the doubles with the faculty duo, Watson-Kuebler being close seconds.

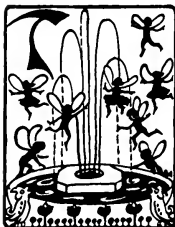


T is only a "kid" army, but "the boys of today are the men of tomorrow." The Reserve Officers Training Corps of today will be the Army of Democracy of tomorrow. Though little, and seemingly unrelated, the Shortridge R. O. T. C. is a branch of the U. S. Army for peace, harmony, and justice toward all men. They are but high school boys, yet loyalty to America and her ideals bids them do the tasks that are irksome. Through the efforts of Commandant, Sergeant Frazer, assistant instructors, and cadet officers, the training has been such that Shortridge stands high among the schools of the Central West in R. O. T. C. work.





FTER an absence of thirteen years, football again had its fling last fall. Mr. Julius, former Indiana University pigskin star, was obtained as coach. A light but speedy team was whipped into shape, the lid-lifter going to Bloomfield 20-0. In the wickedest battle of local high school play, the Blue and White were "loused" out by Tech 7-3. Manual also dropped Shortridge to the tune of 21-0. We also lost to Wabash, state champs, 27-0. The two games won were over Richmond and Brazil by 69-0, and 47-6 scores, respectively. Stull, Lotick, Mitchell, Harvey, Dunbar, Churchman, Bash, Taylor, Elmore, Kilgore, Ray, Riley, Dithmer, Clark, Lusby and T. Smith were the season's mainstays.



HE great national pastime, sometimes known as baseball, was received with such little interest by the North Side school that it was difficult for Julius to round out one good nine. There was a dearth of battery material, a condition which accounts for the club's mediocre showing.

During the early part of the season, the Boys' Prep School and the Deaf and Dumb school were smothered, but as the season progressed and strong teams were met, many games were dropped. The men who showed up well are as follows: Harris, ss; Dixon, 1b; Vickery, cf; Ferris, 3b; Litz, c; Sagalowsky, rf; Brown, lf; Riley, 2b; Browne, p.



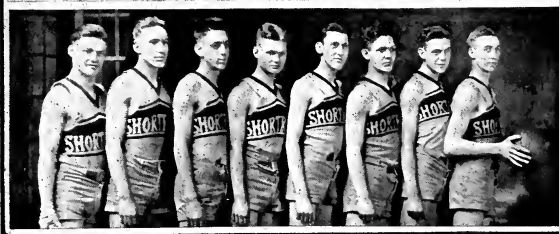
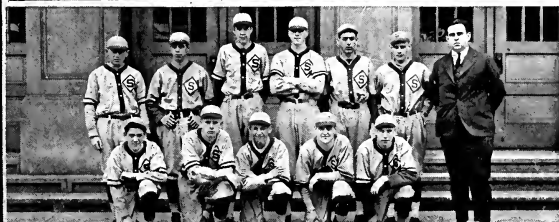
FEW stars are all that kept the oldest high school in Indianapolis from dropping altogether from the track and field calcium. Kilgore and Captain Lotick are a pair of stars who performed brilliantly all season in the dashes and field events. Lotick the only Blue and White cinder path artist to go to the state meet in the last two years, was a consistent winner in every meet. Mitchell in the hurdles, Young in the high jump, and Nichols in the high hurdles and pole vault, are other men who helped bring Shortridge track honor. If ever a coach deserved success, Gorton did; for he worked with his men early and late. In the annual junior-senior track meet, the graduates were victorious.



ITH only one veteran in the list of aspirants that reported for basket ball practice, "Tubby" Julius faced a mean job in rounding out a passable team.

The mainstays of the squad were: Riley, Richards, Kilgore, Litz, Kinzer, Churchman, Elmore, and Lucas who was the eighth to take the floor during the sectional. On the offense, Kinzer, Litz and Churchman went big, while Riley and Kilgore were a host on the defense. Harvey, Harris, Vickery, Mitchell, Moody, and Daily all deserve credit for their work during the season.

The curtain for the basket season came with the 23-12 defeat by Manual in the local sectional play.





WENTY-FIVE boys sang in the Boys' Glee Club, this year, making the largest one Shortridge has ever had. Under the direction of Mr. C. E. Palmer, they sang songs of the college glee club type, presenting them at auditorium exercises.

They also sang at the music memory contest, when they were well received.

Some of the songs the boys have used are: "Until the Dawn," by Parks; "Yachting Glee," by Culbertson; "Stepping Together," by Macey; "Kentucky Babe," by Geibel. They introduced our "Pep Song" to the school, in one program.



THE Girls Glee Club of Shortridge has an unusual collection of good voices. There were sixty-six in the club during the second semester. At Christmas time they gave the school pleasure by serenading with old carols, and twice they sang in the auditorium. Some of the girls have given pleasure to the school by assisting on the programs of the all-girls parties. Margaret Waters who won in the school song contest, is a member of the Girls Glee Club. This year the club has been under the able directorship of Miss Ruth Overbaugh.



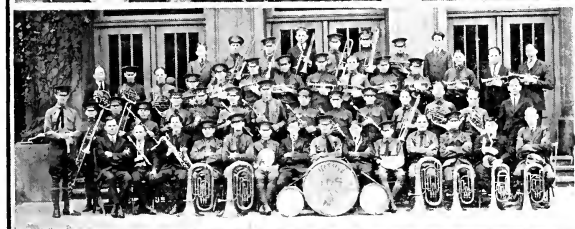
UNDER the direction of Mr. C. E. Palmer, the Shortridge Band has maintained a membership of forty-two players, and has done some excellent playing. The band has played in the auditorium for "pep" meetings, at football and basket ball games, and at battalion reviews. Our boys also did their part in the massed band concerts given by the three high school bands.

Nelson Adams was drum major until it was necessary for him to leave school. He was succeeded by Paul Beville, in the spring semester.

In addition to the regular band, from twelve to fifteen boys have received free instruction.



THE Orchestra, with Mr. B. P. Osbon as director, has maintained its usual standard of excellence. Arnold Davis has been concert-master during the entire school year. On one occasion the orchestra gave a delightful concert at New Bethel. Numerous programs have also been given in the auditorium. These have always been of a very high standard of musical excellence, and have included such selections as Marche Militaire (Schubert), Light Cavalry Overture (Suppé), Selections from "Floradora" (Stuart), Hail America! (Drumm), Processional from "Aida" (Verdi), Minuet in G major (Paderewski), and others.





N order to become a member of the Fiction Club, it is necessary to submit an original story for the approval of the club members. Any student of English V or above is eligible to apply for membership. The club this year has a membership of about eighteen. Instead of giving the customary magazine reports at their meetings this year, the members gave reviews of books, or short stories by William Dean Howells, in addition to the original stories submitted. Miss Shields is the club censor, and the officers for the year were Alexander Dowling, president; Margaret Jenkins, vice-president; Henry Lindstrom, master of program.



LTHOUGH the meetings of the Press Club have been few in number they have been of great value to the Echo scribes who comprise its membership. At two of the meetings very interesting and instructive talks were given by Florence Webster Long and Thomas Hendricks, both well-known newspaper writers. The addresses were made in order to give the young writers some knowledge of the practical side of journalistic work. The success of this year's Christmas Echo may be largely attributed to the members and to Mr. Otto. Dorothy McCullough was president, Joseph Furnas, vice-president, and Dorothy Hatfield, secretary.



T the end of the spring semester of 1921, the Senate closed one of the most prosperous years in its long history. The presidential gavel was wielded by Sen. Watson (Wyant Laycock), Sen. Beckham (Harry Kimber) and Sen. Knox (Walter Dithmer). The annual Senate trial was held in April. Judge Anderson (Harry Kimber) presided over the court, which heard prosecuting attorney Van Nuys (Wyant Laycock) argue for the conviction of Eugene V. Debs (Brooks Blossom). The illness of Miss Laura Donnan caused a loss most keenly felt by the Senate; but at no time was the influence of her noble spirit unfelt. High tribute must be paid to Mrs. Mary D. Ridge, who took her place.



HE Therapon Club, the one honor organization of Shortridge, enjoyed its usual large membership and its many interesting activities during the past year. Two freshman parties were given, that freshmen and seniors might become better acquainted, and also a get-to-gether party. The latter was a "little girls" party, given at the home of Martha Pettyjohn. Mrs. Carey, club censor, won the prize as the most youthful looking, in her pinafore and ribbons. The officers for the year were Melba Donaldson, president; Elizabeth Bertermann, vice-president; Claudia Weyant, secretary; Catherine Cavins, treasurer.



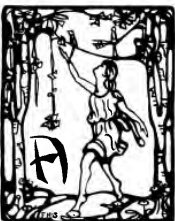


THE Art Appreciation Club, although one of the new clubs of Shortridge, has accomplished some splendid work since its organization. The purpose of the club is, "To learn the eternal principles of beauty common to all art; to study the mastership of all the ages; to know the art resources of our community; to give art service to the community when possible, and to enjoy friendship on the common basis of high ideals." During the course of the year the members of the club, under the splendid direction of Mrs. Janet B. Bowles, made an intensive study of the Public Library.

The office of president was held by Clarence Campbell, and Mary Covert acted as secretary.



THE Wireless Club of 1920 has been able, through the addition of a detector and a three step amplifier to its set, to obtain the highest efficiency. This set has proved very satisfactory, as the radio enthusiasts have been able to communicate with many of the important stations in the United States, as well as to hear from some of those of foreign nations. Every effort has been exercised in order to attain the most effective results. The officers for the past semester were: president, Kearsley Urich; vice-president, Carl Tuttle; secretary-treasurer, Marion Campbell. Mr. W. P. Crockett of the Physics department served as censor of the organization as well as instructor of the class.



FTER Robert Conder and John Ferris had captured first and second places, respectively, in the district discussion contest, and after the former had won second place in the state contest, the team of Joseph Furnas, Captain, John Ferris, and Henry Lindstrom defeated the Louisville team 2-1, while the trio composed of Theodore Medias, captain, Silas Reagan, and Fred Lees took the measure of the Cincinnati debaters 3-0. By virtue of the two victories Shortridge became tri-state debating champion. The officers are: Robert Conder, president; Samuel Dinnin, vice-president; Joseph Furnas, secretary; Louis Rainier, treasurer.



THE Commercial Club was organized November 11, 1920. Its purpose is to promote good fellowship among its members and to stimulate interest in commercial pursuits. The first officers were: Dorothy Lambert, president; Martha Jolliffe, vice-president; Eleanor Mueller, secretary; Bessie Bryant, treasurer, and Miss Beasley, censor. In addition to the regular meetings held twice a month, the club has had a number of parties and excursions. The present officers are: Dorothy Voshell, president; Edgar Joseph, vice-president; Leo Kurzrok, secretary; Velma Danforth, treasurer, and Mr. Weinberger, censor.





IT WAS a new plan tried by the mathematics department this year when a selected class was organized for Math V students. Only those students who had maintained A or A+ records in previous mathematics, were admitted into the class. By this method the best students are not restricted by the slow progress of mediocre class-mates, but have the privilege of a broader field for expansion. The plan has proved very successful and will probably be tried in other lines of work. The class was under the able instruction of Miss Adelaide Smith, and was known as the Math Va class. Class members have done excellent work this year.



HORTTRIDGE mathematicians have enjoyed their most successful year in the history of the mathematics club. The officers were: president, Margaret Toye; vice-president, Grace Wise; secretary, Evelyn Carpenter; treasurer, Margaret Wingfield. Mr. Gingery, head of the mathematics department, was censor. The meetings have been devoted to the study of the biographies of eminent mathematicians, to puzzles and games, and to modern ideas in mathematics. The principal feature of the fall term was a "wienie" roast, followed by a trip to the Butler observatory. This spring the club went on a surveying trip, and derived a great deal of interesting information from the work.



ALTHOUGH one of the most recent of our organizations, the Girls' Discussion Hour can look back upon an exceedingly prosperous year. Under the able censorship of Mrs. Thompson, dean of girls, a number of new ideas reached realization. Freshman teas were given for the incoming girls in order that they might feel a little more a part of the school. Perhaps the most successful venture was the Mothers' and Fathers' Spread for the girls' parents. The special feature of the club was a weekly discussion of some topic in which girls are interested. The officers for the year were Daisy Schulz, president; Margaret Waters, vice-president; Eleanor King, secretary; Delores Vestal, treasurer.



THIS year the Junior Drama League has presented, at regular meetings, seven short plays or scenes: a Christmas play, Pilgrim scenes, "Fourteen," "A Gentle Jury," "Six Cups of Chocolate" (directed by Helen Bedell), "The Medal" (directed by Clementine Phares), scenes from "The Revolt of Mother" dramatized by Hale Shaneberger). A play was given at the Art Institute, for grade school pupils. Officers (two semesters): president, Robert Hartman; vice-president, Frances Westcott, Irma Ulrich; secretary, Helen Bedell, Frances Westcott; treasurer, Clarence Campbell, Martha Stubbs. Director: Miss Love.



THE MINUTES OF 1920-1921

September 12. Back to school—the place where you see everyone—and everyone sees you. Freshies arrive F. O. B. on their Kiddie Kars.

September 20. Football returns after thirteen years! “Tubby” to train our boys for victory.

September 23. G. A. R. Encampment. School dismissed so we can see the “vets” parade.

September 24. Senior election set for November 1. Candidates treat their friends to peanut clusters.

November 1. Vally McLeay and Dot McCullough, president and first lady of the class. Many soap-box orators and hot-air machines put out of business.

November 12. Football—S. H. S., 0; Manual, 21. “Sorta” evened things up a bit, didn’t they?

November 15. Basket ball schedule proves great front page filler. Published for sixth time.

November 19. Manual’s new \$1,000,000 building caves in. One killed, four hurt.

December 2. Annex makes second attempt to burn up! I. F. D. arrives too soon. We don’t even get out of school for the rest of the day.

December 9. Grid captains, past and future, chosen. Mitchell ’20 and Kilgore ’21.

December 11. Dick Wainwright and Mocky Joseph strike against shaving, but Mr. Dirks puts an abrupt and sad finish to it.

December 14. Junior class “picks their winners”—Dud Shouse and Mary Seidensticker.

December 15. Mr. Buck calls special session of the senior class.—Everyone will remember the results.

December 17. School dismissed to allow us plenty of time to hang up our stockings. Money conspicuous by its absence.

January 3. Echo staff puts out an appropriate Blue Monday edition. Everyone tired and sleepy.

January 4. Bob Conder wins first place in Debate tryouts. Congratulations.

January 5. B. P. O. resurrects “Wait Till the Cows Come Home” for us to warble during auditorium.

January 19. Mid-years.

January 24. New semester begins to commence to start. Juniors and seniors pretty well pleased with the hours they picked out.

January 25. Shortridge again in the lime-light. Donation of \$1,900 for starving Europeans.

January 26. George Somnes selected for senior play coach.

February 14. Valentine Day and the opening of Loew’s State! Roses are passed out for nothing and real movie stars parade. Too much all at once—school not so well attended.

February 21. Seniors start to ruin Mr. Dexheimer’s camera.

February 24. Play tryouts begin—Vague mumblings heard in the North Street corridor of: “The quality of mercy is not strained” and “We do not admire the man of timid peace,” etc.

THE MINUTES OF 1920-1921

February 27. Milton Jaffe tries to run over three S. H. S. people. Succeeds, however, only in branding a tree on Penn. St.

March 1. Play cast announced—Bud Dithmer is “Daddy-Long-Legs” and Catherine Cavins, “Judy.”

March 7. Sectional basket ball meet. “Defeated, yet Unbeaten”—that’s us!

March 10. Dr. Clements leaves, to the great disappointment of all. Mr. Carpenter arrives!!

March 15. The little juniors step out with another presidential election. Taylor Creighton walks off with the political plum this time.

March 17. Seniors “slow” juniors in annual basket ball game, 27-26.!

March 26. The school is shocked to hear of the death of Miss Virginia Claybaugh, one of our beloved Latin teachers.

April 4. End of vacation—test week looks like a mountain.

April 7. Honor Roll blooms forth. A girls’ landslide—only four boys listed!

April 11. Bob Conder and John Ferris carry off honors in local district discussion meet. Tech doesn’t even show up!

April 14. Carl Turpin turns into an auditorium speaker, and orates about Kenny Church wielding a wicked broom at Camp Custer last summer. Cup presented to the school. Mr. Palmer’s Pep Song “goes big”!

April 15. Some kind person calls all the city’s fire departments, mistaking the flash-light smoke from the M. T. place of business for a real-for-sure fire. The entire school sprints down Susquehanna Street.

April 21. The Senior play scores a big hit. Good acting, good stars, good flowers, and a good butler.

April 26. Senior girls who wish to hear a speech on the Normal School are excused from class. Jack Street prances out of Math. with about 25 girls following.

May 9. Class day officers elected.

May 11. Senior boys throw a riot scene, determining their graduation clothes. We always knew they were as vain as girls!

May 13. Shortridge’s lucky day for double debate contests! Our famous debaters keep the bacon here, in a 3-0 victory over the orators of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

May 14. Manual wins sectional track meet. Shortridge rates fourth place. Lynn Lotick breaks a state record quarter mile record!

May 16. “Strauss” makes snappy advertisements from Echo clippings.

May 17. A firm of Louisville jewelers unexpectedly presents Shortridge with a beautiful silver loving cup for our splendid debaters.

June 5. Baccalaureate sermon delivered at the Broadway M. E. Church by Dr. W. B. Farmer.

June 7. Jolly old Class Day! Many’s the time the hammer pounds!

June 8. The very bestest graduation exercises ever held, in honor of the very bestest class.

June 9. Alumni meeting. The ex-seniors hob-nob with the “profs” and “old folks.”

That’s all there is—there ain’t no more!







Is person in our school
so dead

Who never had it in his
head

To join a Shortridge
club or two?

We haven't seen him yet;
have you?

CLASS-POEM



ONIGHT sweet bonds we sever, bonds we hold most dear,
Ties of fond affection, enriched by time and tear,
But tho the golden cord we break, we hold an end in hand,
Wherever we may wander forth, we'll cherish this sweet
strand.

For the past it meaneth memory, with days of life enjoyed,
With holidays and pleasures, and honest work employed,
But deeper still the real truth lies, where Gratitude's
ablaze,

The things of worth, beyond all price,—our precious High
School days.

A longing lies within each breast, a love for old-time scenes,
A yearning for our friends and class, and youthful, fancied dreams
But like all else we pass and go, and make way for the rest,
What'er the future way may have, the past has had its best.

Out to the world each one must go, his destined task to find,
And for that task, that highest aim, each life must be inclined,
Whether it be for home or state, deeds large or great or small,
The lessons that we've here received, will help to conquer all.

—ALEXANDER DOWLING.

HONOR-ROLL

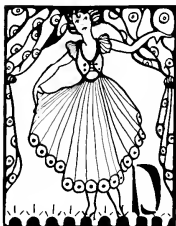
1. McCullough, Dorothy	95.
2. Smith, LaVergne	94.673
3. Jeffers, Beatrice	94.464
4. Baker, Hester	94.038
5. Gerrard, Eleanor	94.
6. Schoener, Margaret	93.75
7. Kurzrok, Leo	93.522
8. Seuel, Irene	93.229
9. Chandler, Mary	93.125
10. King, Eleanor	93.103
11. Geisler, Florence	92.884
12. Wishard, Lois	92.5
13. Darko, Laslo	91.851
14. Benton, Rachel	91.634
15. Donaldson, Melba	91.406
16. Stockman, Thelma	91.346
17. Davis, Dorothy	91.166
18. Bryant, Bessie	91.111
19. Carrington, Herman	90.8
20. Bamberger, Caroline	90.322
21. Weyant, Claudia	90.267
22. Reagan, Silas	90.185
23. Hooper, Florence	90.1

HONOR ROLL OF PUPILS WHO DID NOT TAKE ALL WORK IN S. H. S.

1. Parker, Robert	94.75
2. Carpenter, Evelyn	94.00
3. Taylor, Grace	93.75
4. Coulsen, Ellen	92.105
5. Schulz, Daisy	92.045
6. Brown, Paul	91.75
7. Luten, Granville	91.666



CLASS - PLAY



"ADDY LONG LEGS," play of the class of '21, was staged with marked success Thursday evening, April 21, at the Murat theater. Through the efficient coaching of Mr. George Sommes, every point of the performance was worked to perfection. Catherine Cavins, leading lady, was superb in her role of Judy, and Henry Dithmer as Jervis Pendleton carried off all the honors of the part. The management of the performance was in the hands of Mr. Otto, with Alexander Dowling, publicity manager, and George Schumacher, business manager. Edson Wood was property manager, assisted by

Wade Dick, Clarence Badger, George Dailey and Fred Carter. The costumes were designed by the committee consisting of Miss Nora Thomas, chairman; Barbara Brown, and Dorothy Wilhelm. The cast follows:

Judy	Catherine Cavins
Jervis Pendleton	Henry L. Dithmer, Jr.
James McBride	Robert Hartman
Sallie McBride	Lucille Tyner
Julia Pendleton	Helen Bedell
Miss Pritchard	Josephine Likely
Mrs. Pendleton	Marie Boyle
Mrs. Lippett	Bessie Bryant
Freddy Perkins	Robert Hollingsworth
Gladiola Murphy	Jeannette Nunamaker
Sadie Kate	Helen Ciener
Namie	Florence Hooper
Loretta	Ella Pope
Mrs. Simple	Mary Barnes
Griggs	Silas Reagan
Watters	Kenneth Church
Cyrus Wykoff	Edson Wood
Abner Parsons	Clarence Badger
John Codman	Wade Dick



CENSOR
WILLIAM OTTO



NELL MERRICK
THOMAS



JUNIOR CENSOR
JOEL MAHOLE



ARTHUR CENSOR
ZELLA O'HAIR



RICHARD
CARRINGTON
ROUPLECO



DAISY
SCHULZ
PAT EDITOR



DAVID
STEWART



LILLIAN ROBERTS
JOSEPH CASH



VAL CENSOR
MILEY
SR. PRES.



DOROTHY
MCCULLOUGH
VICE PRES.



HARRIET
SPENCE
SECRETARY



KENNETH
CENSOR
TREASURER



TASHA
CENSOR
JUL. PRES.



MARY M.
DECOSTER
VICE PRES.



CAROLINE
GODLEY
SECRETARY



JACOB
WOOD
TREASURER



THEODORE
CENSOR



MRS. CENSOR
MOORE



GEORGE COLE



ODELL WALSH



DOROTHY
DAVIS



ALEXANDER
DOWNING



LITERARY
STAFF
DOROTHY
HATFIELD



JUSTIN
HARVEY



ELEANOR
KING



MARY
KIMBER



DOROTHY
McCULLOUGH
ART
STAFF



RUTH
RANKIN



ESTHER
VANDY



ART
BARBARA
BROWN



CATHERINE
EVANS



DAVID
CHANCE



DOLORIS
DEMILLER



BERTRUDE
LEWIS



KATHERINE
LENDOX



LYNN
LOECK



FERNIE
MARSTON



ALVA
PELLEITTE



FRANCES
SHEPARD



THELMA
STOCKMAN

1. LILLIAN ABRAMS—Lillian spent her wee years in Newcastle, but came to this city to grow up with Shortridge. A charming girl with an attractive personality. A finished dancer. A good student.
2. VIRGINIA ADAMS—A girl full of life and good cheer. Came to Shortridge from Mooresville High. Is very interested in Purdue.
3. ROSELLA ADDINGTON—"Rosie" is the good-looking girl who is very popular with everyone. "Pep" personified.
4. WILMA ALBERSMIER—A jolly, pretty girl. When it comes to describing Wilma, words fail us. Wilma and Dorothy Merriman are inseparable pals.
5. WILLIAM ALDERMAN—Debater; a "chick" of Mr. Otto's. Convinces all that he's in the right, whether he is or not. Appeared before school in discussion contest. Good fellow.
6. EMMA ALLISON—Emma is naturally a quiet girl, but she lets us know she is here, as she shines in all her subjects.
7. HAZEL ALVERSON—One of our serious-minded seniors. Was in Washington last year doing war work. A good student. Therapon.
8. VIOLET ARCHER—One of our little "brilliances." Especially interested in Butler this year. Always wears blue and white dresses. Smallest girl in class.
9. ROBERT ARNOLD—"Bob" is back with us again after staying out of school a semester to work. A horse-back rider of ability.
10. DORA ATKINS—Dora is a light in art, and she glows brightly in science. A strong advocate of good times.
11. CLARENCE BADGER—Regimental adjutant and captain in R. O. T. C. A keen, alert fellow. Track man and good marksman. Senior play. A warm friend. Hits the point whenever he talks. "Him and Melba Donaldson."
12. ELLA BAIN—Light-haired, jolly person that has lots of fun. Pretty; plays uke and chums with Marie Kantz.
13. HESTER BAKER—A splendid student, who never seems to tire of thorough study. Stars in everything, including history. Stood tiptop in one of Miss Donnan's history II classes. Therapon. Very lovable.
14. ESTHER MARY BALL—Very pretty and as sweet as she can be. Cares more for people and good times than for books. Tells many a joke.
15. CAROLINE BAMBERGER—Great friend of Connie Solar and sister of Julian. Flirtatious with the junior vice-presidency. Math Club. Girl basket ball star. Has lots of friends. Therapon.
16. MARY BARNES—A touch-me-not young lady. She likes to talk and manages to do it with much flucncy. A good student.
17. JANET BASS—This lively senior is one of the humorous spots of the class of '21. First gained fame for her finger demonstration of "Basketball As She Is Spoke," at the Indiana Deaf School game. It's said she vamped the forward in pig Latin. Funny? Oh man!! and—yes she has "auburn" hair.
18. CATHERINE BASSETT—Has pretty blond hair. An inseparable friend of Virginia Jones. Catherine finished S. H. S. in three years in order to arrive at Northwestern before the attraction graduated.
19. HORACE BEAVER—Veteran of twelve stormy semesters during which his marks have been remarkably consistent. Horace passed up two other graduating classes to give the class of '21 the honor of having his picture in their Annual.
20. HELEN BEDELL—A very sweet business-like young lady, full of fun and sweet smiles. Well liked by everyone. Secretary of the Junior Drama League. Shakespearean. Senior play.



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21. LOIS BELL—One of Miss Cox's angels who never misses Sunday School. Close friend of Violet Archer and sister of Mary Bell, '18. The quietest person in History Ref.
22. MILDRED BENEDICT—Mildred is "pleasing pretty"—if we may so express it. Very much interested in music and promises to be quite an artist in that line.
23. WILMOTH BENSON—Wilmoth's big point is her English. Has many friends among the upperclassmen. True-blue Shortridger.
24. RACHEL BENTON—Basket ball, volley ball and hockey star. One of our famous athletic girls who stars in the classroom also. Rachel won third prize in the National Guard Poster contest. Full of fun.
25. BLANCHE BERNSTEIN—Sister of Goldie and fourth girl in her family to graduate from Shortridge. Has bobbed hair like the rest of her sisters and is equally bright, which is saying a great deal.
26. GOLDIE BERNSTEIN—She lives near Manual, but used discretion and came to this school, where she has made a good record. One of Shortridge's representatives in the Music Memory Contest. Bobbed hair.
27. ELIZABETH BERTERMANN—Vice-president of the Therapon Club. Elizabeth's charming personality is attested by her many friends. A true blue Shortridger who hails from our classic suburb, Irvington.
28. ARTHUR BERRY—A Violinist of ability who has always been an important participant in Shortridge musical affairs. A fine fellow and a good mixer.
29. JAMES BIDDINGER—A dandy, high-class chap. Has a knack at writing, an accomplishment of which few have any knowledge. Good athlete.
30. BUELAH BLASDEL—Buelah came to us from Akron High School, one of the best things, according to our way of thinking, that she could have done. Likes basket ball.
31. DOLPH BLASDELL—A quiet sort of chap, reserved and earnest, who wins the respect of his teachers although he has little to say. "Still waters run deep," the old proverb goes. A sincere worker, with a supply of good theories usually at hand.
32. MARIE BOYLE—A tall and stately, good-looking girl. Proved her ability as an actress in the senior play tryouts.
33. TOM BRADY—Everybody likes Tom. Business-like; always to be depended upon for a brilliant recitation. One of many who showed their good judgment by changing from Tech to Shortridge.
34. IRENE BREWER—Irene likes Shortridge so well that she travels all the way from Southport every morning to attend this school; she even rooted for S. H. S. in the Shortridge-Southport game. An A number one friend.
35. CHARLES BROCKMAN—Up high in local scout work. Good athlete and student. Sincere in his school work and everything else. Heaps o' friends in every class in Shortridge from freshmen to seniors.
36. ARZELIE BRODEUR—A quiet, conscientious little girl and a true friend. A basket ball enthusiast and an ardent supporter of all Shortridge activities. Stars in commercial subjects.
37. BARBARA BROWN—The first question we ask when we see Barbara is, "Where's Catherine Cavins?" A zoology enthusiast who is fond of Miss McClellan. An excellent student. Therapon.
38. ELIZABETH BROWN—A quiet girl who is an earnest, hard-working student. One of Monday's Echo scribes.
39. FRIEDA BROWN—Sister of the famous Samuel, '18, who is trying hard to keep up the reputation set by her brother. Very attentive in class and well up in her grades. A loyal supporter of S. H. S.
40. PAUL BROWN—Not many know Paul, but those who do will testify to his sincerity in everything. Good fellow and student. Possesses a remarkably cool head.



41. **BETTY BRUBAKER**—The pretty girl who lisps. Knows Henry Dithmer pretty well, but she also likes Wabash.
42. **MILDRED BRUNSON**—Mildred worked mighty hard to graduate with us, and deserves a lot of credit. Well liked by all who know her, and always ready for a jolly good time. Zoology star.
43. **BESSIE BRYANT**—It would be difficult to say along what particular line Bessie shines most, as she is a star in all her classes. She has quite an interest in commercial work. Sister of Pernie. Senior play.
44. **PERNIE BRYANT**—Sister of Bessie. Finished her course in January. A very sweet girl. Commercial student. Never takes a book home, yet always has her lessons to perfection.
45. **MADELINE BYRKET**—Pretty and popular. Surely can dance. A very good student. English star. Still likes the 1920 class pretty well.
46. **EVELYN CARPENTER**—A girl who has made a name for herself as a student of the A+ rank. Math Club. Vergil star. Therapon. A sweet smile and a lovely disposition have won her many friends.
47. **HERMAN CARRINGTON**—The best-known fellow in the class, and one of the most popular. Editor of the 1921 Annual and Wednesday's Echo for two years. A red-headed "lady-fusser" and "dancin' fool." Honor roll. Athletic Board.
48. **EDITH CARSTEN**—A mighty fine girl, but she is so quiet that few know her well. Stars in English. Seen in and about Room 4, five periods of the day.
49. **FRED CARTER**—Sure you know Ted! A basket ball fan who is also a good player. Has a pleasing personality.
50. **JOSEPH CASH**—You just ought to see him in his uniform. Major in R. O. T. C. Has business ability and "push" which is sure to make him succeed. Business manager of Annual.
51. **CATHERINE CAVINS**—An A+ student in all subjects and a "bugologist" who is fond of birds and hikes. Leading lady in senior play. Treasurer of Therapon Club.
52. **LUCILE CHANDLER**—Came to Indianapolis and, wisely, to Shortridge, from Hartford City. Made lots of friends in a short time. Unusually pretty. One of our stars.
53. **MARY CHANDLER**—An excellent student, especially in Vergil. Has a lovable disposition which has won for her many friends. An especial friend of Lorena McComb. Therapon.
54. **HAZEL CHASTAIN**—Always in for a good time. Especially fond of athletics. Plays basket ball and volley ball. A popular student in the commercial department.
55. **KENNETH CHURCH**—"Kenny" is one of the best-looking boys in school. Captain of senior company. One of the members of the Eternal Triangle. Senior treasurer.
56. **STEELE CHURCHMAN**—A brother of the famous Henry. We think he is going to run his brother a close race for fame. A stellar light of the gridiron and hardwood court. Popular with all the fellows, but is too bashful to be known well by the girls.
57. **HELEN CIENER**—It may be truly said of Helen that, as a mathematician, she is an excellent elocutionist. You've missed a treat if you haven't heard her recite. "Speak Up, Ike, 'spress Yo-self." Senior play.
58. **IMA CLAPP**—A quiet little girl whose interests center in Cumberland. She lives in Irvington, and enjoys the privilege of having Mr. Gingery as a Sunday School teacher.
59. **GEORGE CLARK**—A man's man who also likes the ladies. Best high school punter in the state. A peach of a fellow who has the attributes of a true blue Shortridge student.
60. **COOKE COEN**—Never seen without his car. A good mixer who can get along with anyone. Likes to enjoy himself in the study hall.



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61. BEATRICE COHEN—Surely you all know Beatrice. If you don't you have truly missed something. A shy girl, but popular.

62. JACK COHEN—Jack is "right there" when there is any ticket selling to be done. Full of fun. Black hair and eyes. What we call cute. Math student.

63. ROBERT CONDER—A good-looking senior who makes a hit with the ladies and who is also popular with the boys. All-around student and debater. Band. President of Debating Club. Orchestra. Wednesday Echo in junior year. S. H. S. representative to state discussion contest at Bloomington, winning second place and a silver medal.

64. ALDEN COOKE—A crafty but honest politician in class elections. A popular student, especially with the boys of the class. Buddie of Edson Wood.

65. ALDEN COPELAND—After Shortridge—then the West for Alden. Work and success. Well liked by all members of class.

66. ELLEN COULSON—Ellen has a disposition as golden as her hair. Stars in everything, especially English. Honor roll. Therapon. Greek star.

67. MARY COVERT—One of our famous science stars. Just loves Miss Bowsor and chemistry. Survived Vergil. Secretary of the Art Appreciation Club and a member of the Therapon Club. Member of the Girls' Discussion Hour. Pretty and popular. Fine dancer. Has a keen interest in Franklin. What's the reason? Therapon.

68. IRENE COWGILL—Commercial student. A mighty sweet girl who pulls hard for the Blue and White. Often seen with Doris Lynn.

69. GEORGE DAILEY—George hails from Public School No. 2, where he acquired a reputation as a speaker, a reputation which he hasn't disgraced. Substitute forward on the varsity basket ball team, although light.

70. JOSEPHINE DANFORTH—A most charming girl. Rare chemist! Spoke very favorably of Latin after she had finished Vergil. Full of life. Good friend of Laura Hare.

71. VELMA DANFORTH—Everybody knows Velma because she is the cute little miss at the Rental Library. Ardent supporter of the Blue and White.

72. LASLO DARKO—Was just a little fellow when he started in school, but has grown up to Commencement Day dignity as fully as anyone. Is a steady, consistent and reliable pupils in studies. Honor roll.

73. PAUL DARROW—Junior partner of the firm of Dinnin & Darrow, Ltd. Paul is a debater and also an artist of note. Knows all of the best musical comedies.

74. ANNA DAUGHERTY—Sister of Matilda. Very pretty and very popular with both girls and boys. Interested in Purdue, so we have heard. A good student. Therapon.

75. REBECCA DAUGHERTY—"Becky" is the sister of Maria, '17. A mighty sweet and jolly girl. Helen Selva's "bestest" friend. Therapon.

76. KATHERINE DAVIDSON—The red-headed girl from Irvington. A mighty good sport. Has numerous secret crushes, that she really keeps secret—almost! Pretty.

77. CHARLOTTE DAVIS—Charlotte is one of the "Rynics" of the commercial department. Her ability for acquiring pluses is equalled only by her pep and wit.

78. DOROTHY DAVIS—A good-looking "gal" with all varieties of pep. Friday's editor during her junior year. An elegant dancer and popular girl. Always talks with her hands.

79. MAXINE DAVIS—Max is famous for her pretty curly hair and her Paige. Though they haven't much connection—they go fine together! A perfect riot of pep.

80. DOROTHY DAY—Dot's one of the well-known blondes. Especially interested in elocution and dancing. We're sure she knows all about the latter.



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81. ELIZABETH DeHASS—P. P. P.—Pretty, popular and peppy—that's Betty! Take it from us—she "goes big" wherever she is! Doesn't want it mentioned in her liner that she's from Irvington—but she is, anyway!

82. ELFLEDA DeLORA—Lots of artistic ability. Can draw anything from a Hawaiian dancer to a school teacher. Commercial star. Therapon.

83. ALBERT DeLUSE—Albert is a born politician. Can argue nine teachers out of ten into giving him good marks. Good friend of George Schumaker, judging by the way they hang together. Has often been dodged out an S. H. S. marble champion.

84. NINA DEPUTY—A very sweet girl who surely knows how to study. Never will fuss. Math and English star.

85. WADE DICK—Brown eyes, red cheeks, red Marmon. Always changing his dance step for some a little newer. John Codman in senior play. Side partner of the equally-famous Joe Cash.

86. HENRY DITHMER—Everyone likes Bud. Well known for his green vest, curly hair and Betty "Bru." Among the S. H. S. football stars. Good at asking questions. Made a great hit as leading man in senior play.

87. SAMUEL DINNIN—G. M. K. G. C. All of which means that Sam is Grand Master of the Knights of the Green Carpet. Member of Friday's Echo staff in his junior year. Vice-president of Debating Club.

88. OAKLEY DOBBINS—Quite a musician, playing in the band and orchestra. An accomplished player of the piano and also the saxophone. Made a name for himself in color league and inter-school basket ball.

89. JEAN DODDS—Tall and slender—that's Jean—yet not too tall or too slender. Often seen driving her electric, or in Mildred Kennedy's "Hudson."

90. MELBA DONALDSON—A very sweet, popular girl. Admired by both boys and girls. An all-round star. President of the Therapon Club.

91. ALEXANDER S. DOWLING—Editor of Monday's Echo, literary staff of the Annual. President of the Fiction Club. Very literary. Professes to be a woman hater, but nobody believes him. A fine fellow who may surprise us all some day by writing a book. Publicity manager of play.

92. ELIZABETH DRULEY—Betty's a "meeynn dollar" girl. Has the reputation of talking faster than anyone else around school. Particular friend of Mary Seidensticker.

93. JUANITA DUNNING—An excellent student, possessing a quiet reserve and an enviable disposition. Is studying to be a botany teacher.

94. JOHN EDELEN—John is small but he knows what's what in athletics. Has received several "S's". John's great ambition is to become a public speaker.

95. SOLOMON EDWARDS—From his name he inherited a goodly portion of gray matter. A light in Latin. One of Mr. Hughes' prodigies.

96. JOSEPH EISENHUT—Never yet has been seen to look serious. Artist and cartoonist. Joseph is a geology star and a good student generally. Liked by Mrs. Carey.

97. MARGARET ETTER—Known as Peg. A very sailorly girl, so to speak. Sall ho! Once went to a meeting of the Math Club—"live and learn," says Peg. A good note-writer and is often heard to remark, "Katy." Junior Drama League.

98. THOMAS EVANS—Tom was our efficient class treasurer during our junior year. A good-natured and friendly classmate. Originator of "Keeno Frank, from Filbert County." Handsome, and bright as a dollar.

99. TITUS EVERETT—Left in January to go to Butler. Titus is the sort of person who will make a mark some day. Interested in library work.

100. ALBERT EWBANK—Ambition is to be governor. Long-winded economics star. Miss Zeis' pet. Holds class record as chemistry equipment breaker. Nearly as handsome as John Ferris.



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101. JULIUS FALK—The little boy with the big Cadillac touring car. Always up to some "fool trick" or other. Fine fellow.

102. MARIAN FARMER—A worthy little senior who has majored in commercial work. Often seen with Myrtle Johnson. Stars in Advanced Grammar.

103. WANDA FARR—One of our girl athletes. Plays hockey and is a member of the All-Stars basket ball team. A jolly good friend.

104. OREN FIFER—A "regular guy" who has made a hit with everyone. A yell leader of ability and a good basket ball player. A lady's man who is also popular with the fellows.

105. GORDON FISCUS—Gets some hot harmony with Don Irwin on the mandolin. Has been known to serenade the Teachers' College.

106. ROLAND FISHER—Rolly is never seen by himself—always with Lindabelle. More fun than a three-ring circus, and clever to boot.

107. LOUISE FLEMING—Very jolly and full of pep. Interested in athletics, dancing and boys. Always ready for mischief.

108. WALTER FORSELL—One of the big boys of the class. Inclined to be rather quiet. Plays in the orchestra and band.

109. CONSTANCE FORSYTH—"Small, but mighty." One of our stars from Irvington. Is an intimate friend of Julia Brown. Has hosts of friends. Therapon.

110. KENNETH FOX—Aspires to be a doctor of medicine. Showed up well in studies, especially, science. Chem star. Not much for the ladies, but knows lots of the boys.

111. HENRY FRENZEL—Sure you know Hank! One of the most popular fellows in school. Always ready for a good time. Has a new stunt every time you see him.

112. FRANK FURSTENBURG—Proved himself to be the champion apple picker of Indiana last fall. Is quite fond of bluffing and trying to appear very ignorant. A good student and splendid fellow. Especially interested in science.

113. NANNIE MAE GAHN—Nannie Mae is the neat, severe little senior who is always seen gracing our corridors far before class time. She has never been known to suffer from "C" sickness.

114. HELEN GANDALL—Oh boy! Stunning is a word that surely applies to her. Very pretty and has lots and lots of friends. A good student, especially in English. Interested in art.

115. FLORENCE GEISLER—A dependable sort of a girl with a marvelous record in her studies. Is planning to be a botany teacher, in which capacity she will assuredly be a success. Therapon. Honor Roll.

116. ELEANOR GERRARD—A splendid student and loyal friend. An especial friend of Margaret Wingfield. Spends her winters in Florida but always returns to Shortridge in the spring. Therapon.

117. HAZEL GILMER—Won't we miss Hazel next year though! However we are going to be unselfish and let some other school enjoy her presence as we have.

118. SUSANNA GOEPPER—Susie plays tennis almost all summer. A tall, quiet, dark-haired girl. An ideal chum and all-around Shortridge girl.

119. EDNA GRAVES—Edna has spent a jolly four years here, but believes in the slogan, "Keep Moving." Noted for her dry humor.

120. ELETIA GRAY—Probably you don't know Eletha. She entered S. H. S. as a sophomore. A wee girl with a wee voice; but she has an abundance of brains.



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121. HARRY GREEN—A very promising orator. Has attained great distinction as an officer in the R. O. T. C. Finished his course in February and entered Butler right away.

122. WILLIAM GUTHRIE—Bill is the Shortridge "long legs." He reminds us of the boy who wore the Seven League Boots. Good old Bill looks as solemn as a judge—but "You'd Be Surprised!"

123. HELEN GWARTNEY—Helen likes to dance and really enjoy life. "Dot" Troutman's inseparable. Wrote "Sister Jane Observes." Wednesday Echo scribe. Interested in basket ball. Friend of the team. Drama Lague. Irvingtonite.

124. ANNA HAJEK—A care-free sort of person. Blue eyes and black hair. Physiography Club. Friend of Willeta Work.

125. MARGARET HALE—Margaret believes in the young men, especially those from Shortridge. Is seen much in the company of Loretta Keller. Beautiful eyes.

126. HOWARD HAMILTON—"Buddie" of Dale Livengood, and Knight of the Ten Pins. Howdy worked in Nitro, in W. Va. during the war, but his temper is far from explosive. One of the few who survived astronomy.

127. GERALDINE HANKS—A mighty sweet girl. She has the reputation of never "high-toning" a single person—and we know for a fact that that is the absolute truth.

128. KATHERINE HANNA—"Kay" will always be remembered for her happy smile of greeting and her bright and trite sayings. Has pretty rosy cheeks. H. S. G. C., Drama League, basket ball fan, Therapon.

129. HAROLD HARLEY—Studious, good natured—fond of telling jokes. Liked by both boys and girls. Never seen without Bernice Burris. Basket ball enthusiast.

130. ROBERT HARRIS—Despite the fact that he was light in weight, he was made a substitute on the varsity basketball team. Bob is known by everyone because of his winning smile.

131. ROBERT HARTMAN—Playwright and actor. A local Shakespeare and Robert Mantell, both in one. In the senior play. Musician along vocalistic lines. Story-Tellers' Club.

132. FRANK HARTWELL—Basket ball player of no mean ability. Possesses lots of friends among the gentlemen around school, and also among the ladies. Has a good disposition and a cheery word for all.

133. JUSTIN HARVEY—One of the best-liked fellows in school. Wednesday's Echo. Well-known sport writer. His Shortridge writeups are a feature of the Star sport page. Handsome but versatile lady-killer.

134. DOROTHY L. HATFIELD—Wednesday's Echo; Annual staff; Therapon; secretary Press Club; secretary Physiography Club; Girls' Discussion Hour; secretary High School Girls' Club. Stars in English. Active and enterprising. Would rather dance than eat. Democratic and popular.

135. EULA HAYES—Eula doesn't say much; so we don't know much about her ideas. However, we are sure she will do wonders with her smile that doesn't rub off.

136. CLARICE HAWKINS—Known by her fondness for futurist drawings and—sh!—by her "parties." Lively and attractive.

137. WILLIAM HENDERSON—A Math star and chemistry student. Tall, dark, lady-fusser.

138. HARRIET HESTER—A quiet girl with a friendly, happy disposition. A loyal Shortridger in every sense of the word. Is fond of all studies, especially English.

139. ELIZABETH ANNE HILLS—This youthful senior spends hours at a time in the company of half-a-dozen youthful nephews in order to ward off old age. Just as cute as she can be—and she sure shakes a wicked tennis racquet!

140. KATHERINE HILLS—Sister of "Betty." A great enthusiast over all athletics, especially tennis. Is interested in Crawfordsville for some unknown reason.



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141. FOREST HINDSLEY—Looks the ideal vicar. Orchestra and band bass "hornist." Favorite occupation, "accompanying" a noted singer.
142. CHARLES HENDERSON—Sworn friend of Herman Selka and James Lambert. Owns one of the few "tin lizzies" in town. Serious half of the time and full of fun the other half.
143. ROLAND HOCKET—Came to Shortridge last semester from Richmond. He is an able musician, playing clarinet in both orchestra and band. A good student; interested in all Shortridge athletics.
144. FLORENCE EVERETT HOOPER—Therapon; Mathematics Club. An A+ student. Florence is one of our active Shortridgers whose scholarship and spirit uphold all standards of the high school. Sincere and unassuming. A cheerful companion, a true and devoted friend.
145. JOHN HORNER—Everyone knows jolly Johnny. Tried French and tackled "trig." We just know he'll succeed.
146. CHRISTINE HOUSEMAN—Plays the piano in the Shortridge orchestra. Surely knows how to play wonderfully well. A lovely disposition and a pleasing personality make Christine stand out as one of our finest Shortridge girls. A member of the Girls' Discussion Hour. Formerly prominent in the Story-Tellers' Club.
147. IRENE HOWARD—Brown-eyed and full of pep. Is she good to look upon? Well, rather!
148. DONALD HOYL—Empty-steen pounds avoirdupois. First period study hall mischief maker. Pecks of fun. His clothes fit him perfectly.
149. GERTRUDE HULS—Another prominent Irvingtonite. A charming friend and a loyal Shortridger. Interested in dramatic art. Intends to go to Butler. Friend of Meta Morris and Lois Wishard. Therapon.
150. ROSAMOND ISRAEL—"Pete" came to Shortridge in her senior year, and by her winning smile and happy disposition has made many friends. Possessor of some pretty black "go-get-'em" eyes. Survived Physiology.
151. LEON JACKSON—When there's mischief brewing, Leon's there. Has an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Buck and Mr. Dirks.
152. HARRIET JAEHNE—Full of fun and mischief. Sister of Fred, '20. Has many friends. Possesses a mass of beautiful golden curls. An ardent basket ball supporter. Senior secretary; H. S. G. C.; Junior Drama League; Therapon.
153. MAURINE JACQUITH—Good looking? You bet she is. And her disposition is as charming as her looks. Friend of Amy Graham. Therapon Club.
154. BEATRICE JEFFERS—Originator of the famous Royal Rooter Kazooists. A graceful little blonde, possessor of lovely curly hair and an enviable complexion. Active in everything that concerns Shortridge, and especially the class of '21. Therapon Club, Fiction Club.
155. EDITH JENKINS—A very sweet, quiet girl who is interested in girls' athletics. Volley ball, hockey and basket ball.
156. MARGARET JENKINS—Vice-president of the Fiction Club. Stars in English. Won the first prize in the 1920 Christmas Echo Story Contest. Writes stories that make all of her many friends proud to know her. A very pretty girl who has a lovely disposition. Therapon. A member of the Girl Reserves. Second prize for Annual story.
157. HELEN MURPHY—Came to us in her senior year from Champaign, Illinois. A splendid and attractive girl. Loves to read good books and has a great deal of literary ability. Stars in English. A member of the Girls' Discussion Hour.
158. JAMES JOBES—Debating star of '20 and vice-president of Debating Club. Regimental sergeant major of Cadet Corps in its first year. Member of the "Royal Rooters"; even goes so far as to bring his two kid sisters to the basket ball game.
159. MYRTLE JOHNSON—Myrtle is no exception to the rule, that "still water flows deep." However, every stream has shallow places, and when she comes to these, she smiles.
160. MARTHA JOLLIFFE—One of our very good looking Seniors and a mighty fine girl. Naturally has a host of friends because of her charming and unassuming manner. Occupied an important place in the Commercial Department. Therapon.



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161. WILLIAM JONES—Speed, pep, and vigor—that's William in a nutshell. A special feature with the ladies.

162. EDGAR JOSEPH—"Mockey" almost won a wager once! He and Dick were progressing famously with their nice, long whiskers, 'til Mr. Dirks announced "no shave, no school." Lots of fun.

163. DOROTHY KAUFFMAN—Pretty; dark hair and eyes; one of the small members of the class. Jolly. Interested in Purdue. Therapon.

164. HELEN KEEHN—Shadow of Margaret Stowers. Worships science. A clever, original girl, and a true Shortridger in every sense of the word. Therapon Club, Mathematics Club, Camera Club.

165. LORETTA KELLER—Stars when she studies. Has a memory by actual measurement three-eighths of an inch long. Believes in walking—but not alone.

166. FLORENCE KESSLER—A leaf from the Shortridge fashion book. Is quite popular. A lovable girl, possessing a friendly disposition. Senior play committee.

167. MARJORIE KETCHAM—A very sweet, splendid girl. Appreciates good books. The possessor of two enviable dimples. Junior Drama League. Therapon.

168. GERALD KILEY—Erstwhile Major of the Shortridge R. O. T. C. Gerald came to us from Tech in his Senior year. Fashion plate, with wavy, patent leather hair.

169. HARRY KIMBER—Friday's Echo editor. Senator Beckham in the Senate, and Judge of annual Senate trial. Doris taught him not to be a woman hater.

170. ELEANOR KING—An enviable, sweet disposition. Lots of friends. Eleanor always makes a brilliant recitation. Tuesday Echo; Annual staff; secretary of G. D. H.; Therapon. Vice-president, once, of "Story Tellers."

171. PAUL KNIGHT—Quiet and dignified. Always delivers the goods in his work and in his play. Plays saxophone.

172. RUTH KRIEGER—A sweet girl who always has a cheerful smile for every one. Was once known to be almost cross.

173. LEO KURZROCK—One of the fellows. Not so much for the ladies, but a top-notch among his masculine friends. Member of Senate and Shakespearian Club. A good chess player. Honor Roll.

174. CELESTINE LABAT—Celestine is the lovable little senior who speaks French as well as English. We are sorry to lose her.

175. HAZEL LATTA—A good-looking, dark-haired young lady who specialized in the Commercial Department. Has "rare" eyes.

176. ROBERT LAKIN—Musician under Mr. Osbon. Aspires to reputation of J. Ham Lewis. Likable. Good student.

177. DOROTHY LAMBERT—One of our Titian-haired young ladies. Always seen in company with Dorothy Voshell.

178. WYANT LAYCOCK—Was president of Shortridge Senate for several terms. Ability along Demosthenic lines. Friend of many of those who haunt the sacred recesses of Room 37.

179. BETTY LEE—A la Bebe Daniels. Black shoes, dress, and hair, that's Betty's usual costume. Ask Otis Bradway; he knows.

180. KATHARINE LENNOX—Sister of Dick, '19. "Kay" is one of the prettiest and most popular girls in the class. Is full of fun, and has a dimpled smile for everyone. Blushes adorably. Therapon. Ex-president of Discussion Hour. Annual Art staff.



181. RACHEL LEOPARD—A most charming girl with a host of friends. Chemistry star, especially in the second semester with Mr. Wade. Therapon.

182. GERTRUDE LEWIS—She is the envy of the class in possessing a pleasing, charming manner. Good in French, and stars in most of her classes. Popular with all who know her.

183. JOSEPHINE LIKELY—Has lots of "pep," and red hair to go with it. Good looking, good dancer, good student, and drives a Ford that is a Mooresville terror. Senior Play.

184. AGNES LINDAMOOD—One of our Greek stars and a devotee of Miss Marthens. Always cheerful. A girl who is well liked by all her classmates.

185. LUCY LINDLEY—A cute little blonde with bobbed hair and lots of pep. Guaranteed to make more witty remarks and comments per minute than any other lady of the class of '21.

186. VIRGINIA LINDSTROM—Member of Fiction Club, Therapon Club, and Senate. Tennis player of quality, and likes watching basket ball games. Stood high scholastically. Loyal Shortridger in every respect.

187. JOHN B. LITTLE—"Johnny" has made good with everybody, including M. T. and the ladies. His star shines brightest as a Math student, especially in Trig. Tip-top dancer and general society chap. First Lieutenant in R. O. T. C.

188. DALE LIVENGOOD—Dale has one of these "after me, Oswald" strides! A mighty good sport, though. Often seen in the North street corridor.

189. LYNNE LOTICK—High pacer in track squad. Only representative from Shortridge in State track meet in 1920. Football squad. Promising artist and well developed athlete.

190. GRANVILLE LUTEN—A rare fellow with an acute sense of humor and a Lincoln-like drawl. As brilliant as he is tall; and he pierces the ozone for something like six feet.

191. DORIS LYNN—One of the charming members of the firm of Lynn and McKee. Staunch disbeliever in evolution. Therapon. Basket ball and music enthusiast. Likes Harry.

192. EDITH McALPIN—Edith's one of Shortridge's liveliest "pep-bombs"! Well acquainted with every one in school. Been down here long enough to own stock in the place.

193. BERNICE McBROOM—A pretty, well-behaved young lady. Does beautiful work in the Art Department. Annual Art staff. Therapon.

194. JEANNETTE McCARTY—Leave it to Jane! Came to us from Urbana, Illinois, in her Sophomore year. Fond of Philadelphia. A good friend and a true Shortridger.

195. KATHLEEN McCLURE—Kathleen is the stylish Senior who is noted for her coiffure. Sister of Cubana. "Enough said."

196. LOUISE McCORMICK—Stars in Math; also an Astronomy enthusiast. A friend of Mr. Gingery. Louise has made up her mind to be a school-marm. A very sweet girl. Secretary of Girl Reserves. Secretary of Math Club. Therapon.

197. DOROTHY E. McCULLOUGH—Vice-president of our class. Literary staff of the Annual and first on the Honor Roll. Also president of the Press Club and secretary of the Fiction Club. Has been vice-president of the Senate and president of the Math Club. Therapon. Possesses the ability to star in everything she undertakes. Full of fun. One of the finest, best loved and most popular girls in Shortridge.

198. HELEN MCGAHEY—A merry little colleen—a breath of the Auld Country. Helen is a shining light of the Commercial Department.

199. JUNE MCKEE—A Science star of the first rank. Possesses a sweet smile and a very pleasing personality. She and Doris Lynn are never seen apart.

200. ROBERT MCKEE—An excellent student and fellow, especially in History and Vergil. But his interests also lie some place else. He is intending to enter Indiana next fall.



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201. VALLOROUS McLEAY—President of the class of '21 and captain of the Blue and White basket five. Most popular fellow in school. Everybody likes Val—especially sundry of the fairer sex. Main-spring of Shortridge athletics. A happy combination of officer, athlete, gentleman, friend.

202. CORNELIA MARSHALL—One of our prettiest, sweetest and most attractive Senior girls. Possesses lovely, dark brown eyes and golden hair. A splendid artist. Very popular.

203. MAFALDA MARTIN—The peer of any girl hardwood court artist in any of the three high schools. Led her team to the championship in basket ball, and also plays a bang-up game at hockey or volley ball. Very modest about her accomplishments.

204. NOLA MARTIN—A pretty, demure miss with a pair of "jazzy" eyes. Has a charm for winning friends. Known for her musical ability and sweet disposition.

205. ELIZABETH MARTZ—A dark-haired, quiet but popular girl who is a charming friend. She is a good dancer and an excellent student. Ask her what she is most interested in. A close friend of Loretta Keller, Jeanette Nunamaker, and Margaret Hale. Therapon.

206. ISABELLA MATTHEWS—Small, peppy and a good dancer. She is seen wherever you find Dot O'Brien. Always in for a good time and popular at dances.

207. MARGARET MATTHEWS—Better known as "Peggy." Appears rather shy at first but when you know her—oh, mercy! Has a decided interest in Purdue, which is frequently responsible for her loss of appetite. Expects to attend that college next year. Therapon.

208. CHRISTENA MAURER—Christena is a sure cure for the blues because of her jolly disposition. Has two very mischievous dimples. Chum of Zelma Smith.

209. MARY MEDDERS—Mary is a History star and human dictionary. She is planning to utilize these assets by some day becoming a teacher.

210. CAROLYN MEIKEL—A pretty girl who came from Tech in her senior year. A splendid dancer and a good student.

211. THEODORE SIDNEY MEDIAS—Thursday's Echo, Annual literary staff, and Debating team. Was president of Physiography Club and vice-president of the Story-Tellers' Club. Has remarkable ability to get A-plusses. A hooster of everything worth while. Most clever.

212. BEATRICE MEYER—A splendid student and a member of the Therapon Club. Very sweet, and just as friendly as she can be. Generous and dependable.

213. WILLIAM MILES—Among the famous ones in the study hall the seventh period. Loves to tease Miss Denny. A good friend of Paul Pontius.

214. GEORGE MILLER—Scientist, student, and philosopher, that's George in a nutshell. During his hours as Chem. assistant, he works on a way to evaporate light and obtain a temperature lower than absolute zero.

215. MARY MARGARET MILLER—An all-round, jolly, good girl. She is a Virgil and French star, and always stand in well with the teachers. Likes "Taylored" things. We ask the gentle reader to notice that "Mary" rhymes with airy, fairy, dary, and wary. Has a very fascinating blush. Therapon.

216. CHARLES MITCHELL—An all-round athlete who stars in the classrooms also. Charles participated in track and basket ball, and was captain of the '20 football team. Always has a joke to tell.

217. ELSIE MITCHELL—If it's fun you want, Elsie is the girl. Full of life and laughs. Quite a little dancer.

218. MARIE MOON—Just as sweet as she is pretty. Has a host of friends. Is often accused of being a "B. V." Is still very fond of "dolls." Finished her course in February and entered Indiana University. Therapon.

219. LILLIAN MOORE—She is quiet but always on the lookout. An excellent art student. It is said that she professes to be a man-hater but we're not so sure. An all-round Shortridger. Therapon.

220. NICHOLAS MOORE—Very much interested in newspaper work and writes the school notes for the "Star." Coming from the "Windy City," he has stirred up quite a dust in Indianapolis. A loyal Shortridger and a credit to us.



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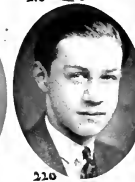
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221. META MORRIS—One of our true blue Shortridgers. Full of fun and always ready for a good time. A good student. Therapon.

222. FRED MUELLER—In his junior year he deserted Manual for Shortridge's halls of fame. Wireless bug. Son of our esteemed History instructor. Fine fellow.

223. ELEANOR MUELLER—Secretary of our class in its Junior year. A member of the Therapon Club, the Junior Drama League, and the Girls' Discussion Hour. A fine student. Has lots of vivacity and charm.

224. KATHERINE MULLIS—One of our popular Shortridge girls. A good dancer; sweet disposition; extremely good-looking.

225. KATHERINE MURBARGER—One of our scientific stars who took Chem. III, and is an ardent admirer of Mr. Kuebler. Popular with both sexes. She has a wonderful disposition and is a good student.

226. CLEON BURGER—A prospective member of the "red-head club." One of the "town cut-ups" in M. T. A live wire.

227. VIOLET MUSE—An admirer of Miss Brayton, Miss O'Hair, Miss "Mac," in fact all of them. She is quite literary and we expect great things from her some day. Was a successful contributor to the Christmas Echo. Ask her why she has a keen interest in France. Therapon. Winner of two Annual prizes—best story and best poem.

228. RUTH MYERS—Some people have brains; some have beauty; some have both brains and beauty. Ruth is a bright star in Commercial work.

229. RALPH NELSON—A hard-working student, highly recommended by all of his teachers. One of the sensible boys of school. Has a genuine, sunburnt complexion, and a fascinating smile which lights up—not too frequently—his face.

230. HENRY NESTER—Boys' Debating Club. Shows promising talent in all lines of art. An earnest worker, and a fine student—one who has done much to make Shortridge what she is.

231. CLARENCE NICHOLS—The funniest boy in school! A born wit and a regular fellow! Invariably seen with Margaret Welsh. Answers promptly to "Honey."

232. JAMES NICHOLS—Brings honor to S. H. S. by running. On state track team. Also excellent golf-player. Breaks three clubs per hole.

233. JEANNETTE NUNAMAKER—A happy, vivacious little miss with a pleasant word and a smile for everyone. No Shortridge affair is complete without Jeanette. An active member of the Therapon Club, Girls' Discussion Hour, Shakespearian Club, and Junior Drama League.

234. DOROTHY O'BRIEN—Very popular with both sexes. Everybody knows her; everybody likes her. Can she dance? We'll say she can!

235. ELIZABETH O'HARA—Betty is a peach of a girl! She's a pretty, blue-eyed Irish colleen, who has ever been a delightful combination of comedy and tragedy. A Greek and Latin star. Therapon Club.

236. GEORGIA OSBORN—Those who have had the pleasure of knowing Georgia have found her endowed with the sweetest disposition imaginable. A good student and a loyal booster of basket ball and football.

237. ROBERT PARKER—Bob has raced his way through the classics at an A + gait. Fine personality. An earnest worker; sincere, unassuming, democratic in every way. One who will always carry high the standard of Shortridge and the class of '21.

238. MAE PARSLEY—A shy, pretty, little girl with dreamy eyes and ripply, blonde hair. Very modest and shrinking, but adds savor to any gathering, just like her vegetable namesake.

239. NORA PATTON—A pleasant young lady who possesses unusual musical ability. Splendid Commercial student and a quiet, popular Senior.

240. ELEENE PEGG—A pretty, attractive girl. Has a very charming personality. Interested in athletics. Friend of Ruth Thomas.



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241. ALBERTA PELLETE—"BRICKEY" is a winsome lass whose complexion and hair are the envy of all her girl friends. Interested in art. Is very fond of all athletics and Lynne. Junior Drama League. Art staff of the Annual. Therapon.
242. FLORENCE PERKINS—One usually thinks of Florence as "Miss Perkins." One of our dignified Seniors who liked Chemistry and starred in it.
243. CLEMENTINE PHARES—Although Clementine has been in Shortridge only a year, she has made quite a number of friends. A prominent member of the Junior Drama League. Talented in Expression.
244. LARO PIERCE—Star in politics. Ran for junior vice-presidency under cognomen of "Sahara." Dandy fellow. Lieut., R. O. T. C. Went to Camp Custer.
245. KENDALL PIERSON—One of the quiet sort of fellows who means business. Biology assistant and "buddie" of Hillis Howie.
246. DOROTHY POINDEXTER—One of our most interesting girls and most enthusiastic gymnasts; always seems to have up her sleeve a plan for a good time. Vice-president of the Physiography Club. All-star basket ball team, '21. All-star hockey team, '20. Girls' Rifle Corps.
247. VIVIAN POLLARD—Possesses stick-to-itiveness enough for two, as well as lots of common sense. A very attractive girl with many friends. A girl glowing with health; delights in helping around the house.
248. PAUL PONTIUS—A corking good fellow. One of the creditable veterans of Shortridge. Popular with all.
249. ELLA POPE—"Shorty" liked S. H. S. so well that she came back to spend her Senior year with us after quite a long absence. A cute little girl whose good looks and personality seem to captivate many of the sterner sex.
250. DOROTHY POWELL—A beautiful girl of the Gibson type. Ran a mighty close race for vice-presidency. Just as popular as her well-known brother, Maurie.
251. ALAN POWER—Does he like the ladies? Oh, boy! You bet he does. Popular with the boys, too. A prominent member of the Wireless Club.
252. SARAH PRENTISS—A pretty bobbed-haired miss who possesses one of those much-envied, musical—is it eastuhn or suthuhn?—accents. Close friend of Helen Gandall. Forsook Tudor for Shortridge.
253. LOUIS RAINIER—The boy who is easily fussed. Has the failing for saying funny things when he doesn't intend to. Basket ball league team. Debating Club.
254. RUTH FOSTER RANKIN—A pretty girl whose sweet disposition has won her many friends. One of the literary lights at Shortridge. Made high school in three years. Friday's Echo; Annual staff; Fiction Club; Art Appreciation Club; Therapon.
255. BERNICE RATCLIFFE—Commercial star. Bernice is reserved and dignified in her classes but enjoys a good time outside of school. An enthusiastic basket ball and football fan. Well liked by all her fellow-students. Therapon.
256. SILAS REAGAN—Some live wire! Did anyone ever know Si when he didn't have something to do? Has lots of business ability. One of the most popular fellows in the class. Honor Roll. Cincinnati debating team. Senior play.
257. ELEANOR REESE—A pretty little girl with extremely mischievous brown eyes. Always ready for a dance and a good time. Always seen with Ella Pope.
258. WILMA REESE—An accomplished musician. Played first violin in the orchestra. Wilma is quite proficient in helping certain young men with their studies. Therapon. Junior Drama League, Art Appreciation Club.
259. FRANCIS KATHRYN REID—Often seen with Gertrude Lewis. Hails from School No. 50. Interested in school activities. An attractive blonde.
260. ROBERT RENICK—Bob is a fellow of unusual capabilities. Steady and sure in his studies and popular with the ladies. Active in social life, in and out of school. A gentleman.



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261. FRED RICHARDS—The boy of basketball fame. Was made famous by his under-the-basket shots. Also a good student.

262. HENRY RICHARDSON—Henry came to Shortridge in his senior year. If, in Law School, he lives up to the reputation which he made in high school, we are sure that he will succeed.

263. LUCILLE RIGGS—After knowing Lucille we are firm believers in the old adage "Good goods is done up in small packages." A close friend of Katherine Seibert.

264. MARY EVALYN RILEY—Mary Evalyn is noted for her collection of frat pins. "A new one, every year" is her motto. Well-known, well-liked, and "well-dispositioned."

265. BONLYN ROBERTS—A happy combination of humor and wisdom. Stars in commercial lines. A lively little brunette with lots of "pep." Junior Drama League; Commercial Club.

266. PAULINE ROBERTS—A bewitching little girl with mischievous brown eyes and a wonderful smile which has won her a host of friends. The merriest lass in school! Commercial student. Drama League.

267. MARIE ROBINUS—Very pretty and sweet, and a good student. Likes to argue and never gets angry.

268. GEORGIANA ROCKWELL—Often seen driving about in her Ford coupe. Rather quiet. Possessor of a very lovable disposition. Has many friends, the chief of whom is Georgia Osborn.

269. ALTA RONEY—Alta is the girl who never stops smiling. A regular potter. We think she is very fond of English as she has ten credits in that subject.

270. LOUISE RUNDELL—A real Shortridger. Quite interested in Science as she had the courage to tackle Chem. III. Louise has left S. H. S. for the South several times, but she just couldn't stay away.

271. BYRON RUST—"Rusty's" right there when it comes to having a good time. Knows what he wants and gets it. One of the big men of the Senior class. One of the "hottest" saxophone players in the band. Orchestra.

272. BEATRICE RUTHART—"Bee" enjoys life. A tall, brown-eyed coquette who dances her way through school.

273. BANJAMIN SAGALOWSKY—One more of the famous tennis and basket ball playing Sagalowskys. Extremely modest, reserved, and studious. Long sideburns, and black, wavy hair.

274. SARAH SAGALOWSKY—The girl who makes everyone laugh. Can she dance, can she play tennis, can she make friends, is she witty? Well, we'll say! Champion tennis player of '21.

275. HORTENSE ST. LORENZ—Hortense is the kind of a little girl we all love to know, besides being a shining star in all subjects. Is on the Honor Roll of Room 7. Therapon.

276. BEATRICE SATTINGER—One of the first Shortridgers to have her hair bobbed, a la Greenwich Village. Ravenswood lost one of its loyal subjects, and Shortridge lost an attractive and well-liked girl when "Bea" went to Toledo last term.

277. PAUL SCHALLER—Proprietor of the famous "Schaller Ford." Likes the ladies. Red-headed but good-natured. A good mixer.

278. MARGARET SCHOENER—Peggy is not so quiet as many people think she is. Has a never-failing ability for acquiring perfect marks. Possesses big, brown eyes like those one reads about in novels.

279. GEORGE SCHUMACHER—George is well liked by the many who know him. A good violinist and a first-class student. Custer man who wears three silver buttons on his military shirt. Business manager of Senior Play.

280. DAISY SCHULZ—Art editor of the Annual; president of the Girls' Discussion Hour; Therapon. Stars in everything, and is one of the most popular workers in the school. A splendid speaker and an unusually lovely girl. Very pretty.



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281. CATHARINE SEIBERT—"Then since the color of her hair is England's cruel red." Likes Chemistry, and especially "the instructor." Tall, beautiful. Popular, we'll say.

282. ALLEN SELLS—One of our good looking boys who blushes beautifully. Noted for his brilliant remarks in class. Physiography Club, Wireless. Interested in circuses and monkeys. Geology student.

283. IRENE SEUEL—Cousin of Gladys Sudbrock. '20. Tall and very good looking. Popular with both boys and girls. Has quite an interest in Culver and its affairs. French star. Therapon.

284. FRANCES SHEARMAN—One of our budding artists who is always well represented in every artistic enterprise. Popular with all. Possesses a winning smile and bobbed hair.

285. ELSIE SHELLEY—As pretty and sweet a young lady as you will see. Golden hair and charming blue eyes. Also something of an artist as her "Toots and Casper" pictures show. Math Club, Therapon.

286. MARGUERITE SHERWOOD—A dear, pretty little person with auburn hair. Marguerite likes to dance better than anything else. A student? Perish the thought. Physiography Club.

287. VIRGINIA SHOWALTER—Came from Hyde Park High of Chicago in her Junior year. When we asked her what she ever did she said, "Nothing." Cute 'n' pretty.

288. ALBERT SHUMAKER—Latin and English star. Has a real Shortridge "fighting" spirit. If the admiration of his classmates counts for anything Al is a success.

289. EDNA SIMPSON—A cute little girl who boasts of many A-pluses. Member of Therapon Club.

290. BERTHA SIMS—Jolly! We'll say she is. Tiny? Well, she is Sadie's sister. Knows all about jewelry. One of Mrs. Bowles's standbys.

291. VIRGINIA SINES—One of the smallest girls in the class and one of the best-looking. Virginia always has a crowd of admirers wherever she goes.

292. CARROLL SIPE—Contagious smile. Friend of the faculty. Commercial student. Likes to talk with Miss Denny. Will be remembered by his courteous manner on all occasions.

293. PERLE SMALL—Is going to make a good business man, although he aspires to be a short-story writer. Likes Chaucer. "Perle," a young lady once remarked, "has an old look for his age."

294. COMBIE SMITH—Everybody knows him. Not quiet; neither is he loud. "There" every time. Greek and Latin constellation. Likes the ladies. Good student.

295. HUNTER SMITH—Popularly known as Doc. Takes great pleasure in carrying around twenty-dollar checks and then returning them to his Pater. Knows all about sunny California, where he spent last summer.

296. KENNETH SMITH—Fascinating eyes and a smile that won't rub off. A veteran of the baseball team and a catcher of smiles as well as balls.

297. LA VERGNE SMITH—Story Tellers' Club; Girls' Discussion Hour; Physiography Club, Commercial Club; Therapon. An excellent student who made her course in two and one-half years. La Vergne is a lovely girl with high ideals and aims and has good prospects for reaching them. Second on the Honor Roll. Made it in two and a half years.

298. MABEL SMITH—A nice, quiet, smallish red-headed girl. Sister of Temple, the football star. An absolute Shortridge in every sense of the word.

299. TEMPLE SMITH—Has reputation of being the best baseball man in school. Played shortstop on baseball team and made another record as quarter on football team. Fond of all athletics. In addition is a fine fellow.

300. THOMAS SMITH—A Tuesday Echo scribe. Attended two other high schools before he finally selected Shortridge. Claims to be the discoverer of the fact that the earth revolves around the sun. Full of fun.



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301. WALTER SMITH—"A peach of a fellow," as some would say. Popular with the boys of the class and also high in the estimation of one girl, especially. If you don't believe it, ask Betty.

302. ZELMA SMITH—Tall and good looking. Is the possessor of golden hair and a wonderful complexion—n it's all her own! Devotee of basket ball—guess the reason! Therapon.

303. KENNIE SOLAR—A cute little thing with chinky eyes, charming smile, and puzzling coiffure. Great dancer and star student. Peppy and lots of fun.

304. FLORENCE SOLOMON—One of the most popular girls in the class, especially with the stronger sex. Classy dresser and owner of a service-worn electric. Member of spelling class.

305. LOWELL SPARLING—From St. Louis, Mo., but doesn't leave it to others to set the pace. Rather tall and good looking, and booster of all of Miss O'Hair's charity drives.

306. CHARLES GLENN STEWART—Well known and liked by all who know him. A good student and not a bad athlete.

307. GAYLORD STEWART—"Gay" is a boy with a happy disposition. Member of various clubs. Only thing that kept Gaylord from being a star track man was his abbreviated height. Business manager of Annual. Wonderfully capable.

308. THELMA STOCKMAN—Ghosts of budding genius! Thelma won first prize in both the Floral Telegraph and National Guard poster contests. Has black hair, brown eyes and a bewitching smile. Therapon.

309. JACK STREET—The kid who always has something to play with. A popular fellow with lots of "snap." An English and a French star. Very clever writer. In Annual contest, his humorous sketch won first prize.

310. CALEB JACKSON STRICKLAND—In the summer Jack's regular "hangout" is Eilenberger Park, where he plays tennis with all the pretty girls. Some popular fellow with the boys, too. Has lots of dramatic ability.

311. MARGARET STROUD—Not much noise in a crowd, but when you get her alone, "You'd Be Surprised!" Came to us from Mooresville in her junior year. Our only regret is that she didn't come sooner. Bright and attractive. Won second prize for best essay in Annual.

312. FRANCIS STULL—Brought Shortridge honor by being picked for the all-state football team. Team-mate of James Lambert and allied trouble-maker in gym classes.

313. LORETTA SWEET—A lovable girl, a good student, an aspiring individual. Interested in zoology, Shakespeare, and everything worth while.

314. ALBERT SWIFT—Chief mischief-maker in the senior company. A likable boy with lots of friends. Full of pep and ginger.

315. ALICE TALBERT—An amiable friend with a happy disposition. Takes a great interest in all school activities, including athletics. A good student. Girls' Discussion Hour. Pretty.

316. ESTHER TANDY—"She never—but you oughta see her now." Great friend of Beulah Wright, who attends all of the musical affairs to hear Russel play. Appearance of a saint.

317. GRACE TAYLOR—Therapon; Math Club. An excellent student, in fact one of our A-plussers. Attractive and likable.

318. HEBER TAYLOR—Known better as "Hebe." He is a football, bowling and golf bright-light, besides being a ready hand at digesting text books.

319. MARGUERITE TAYLOR—Marguerite came to us from Albany High School, the latter half of her junior year. Knows all about English. Star in almost everything.

320. RUTH THOMAS—A girl who always has a joke and is sociable with everyone. Noted for her curly hair. Likes exciting games, such as Mississippi Marbles, Galloping Dominoes, African Golf, etc.



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321. LINDABELLE THOMPSON—One of the best-looking and best-known co-eds in school. We don't know where she learned, but we do know that she makes a good "Fischer."

322. MILDRED THORNTON—Tall and good looking. Wonderful dancer and wonderful girl. Mildred certainly "went big"—although she came to Shortridge only last fall.

323. HARRY THURMAN—A good-looking, dark-haired fellow. He appears dignified but, confidentially, we think he is bashful. Has tried to be a woman hater, but has failed.

324. O'NEEY TIERNAN—A daughter of Ireland. A girl possessing unusual perseverance and a noble character. Makes excellent grades, and is interested in all of her studies.

325. JOHN TINDALL—Aspires to be everybody's friend and he comes very near succeeding. John has pulled down some very creditable marks, besides being a splendid athlete.

326. MERLE TORBET—Merle deserted us for California a year ago, but just had to come back and graduate from S. H. S. A former member of the Senate and Monday Echo staff. Personality plus, and a mighty plucky girl besides.

327. MARGARET TOYE—One of our star mathematicians. Has the ability to get A-plusses, something which we should all like to have. President of Math Club; president of Girl Reserves. Therapon.

328. HAZEL TRABUE—Hazel is not really as serious as she looks. If one looks closely he can find all sorts of mischief and fun behind her large black optics.

329. DOROTHY TROUTMAN—One of our hardwood artists. "Dot" can sure agitate the meshes. Everybody likes Dorothy and she likes everyone, including Louis. Friend of Helen Gwarty.

330. JOSEPHINE TURNEY—A quiet girl who is an excellent student. Sister of the famous Katheryn. Has a sweet voice and an attractive slight drawl. Therapon.

331. LUCILE TYNER—The girl who made blond hair famous. A very good-looking young lady who takes an interest in Tech bowling. We wonder why.

332. WILLARD ULRICK—It is hard to say what Willard does best; he is such an all-round fellow. Member of the basket ball squad.

333. KEARSLEY URICH—Claims one of the most unique names in the whole school. President of the Wireless Club and lieutenant in the R. O. T. C. His firm jaw leads us to believe that a great future is in store for him.

334. JEAN VELSEY—A great big peach, and lots of fun. Looks a lot like her sister Mary. A bit of an artist, "doncher know"—and not at all rummy either.

335. WARD VICKERY—A diminutive basket player of note. Oodles of brains and still fond of nursery toys.

336. BERTHA WAGNER—A jolly girl and a true friend. Holds the Shortridge championship in giggling. Good student.

337. DORRIS WALSH—A quiet, dependable girl whose strong character and capability have marked her way through Shortridge. A charming personality. Girls' Discussion Hour; Junior Drama League; Therapon; Annual art staff.

338. EDITH WASHINGTON—Edith is one of our standbys. Refuses to get low marks on her card. Staunch to the finish. Fine disposition and good friend.

339. CHARLES WATKINS—A senator of no mean ability. Charles knows oratory from A to Z and then some. Has the firm, deliberate confidence that always convinces an audience. One of Miss Donnan's many admirers.

340. DOROTHY WATKINS—Dot is some kid, we'll tell the world! A firm believer in the good old adage, "Better later than never," as Mr. Dirks will testify. Never known to take life seriously. Descendant of a long line of distinguished Shortridge ancestors, and she has surely kept up the good work.



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341. MARGARET WELSH—"Ask Nick, he knows." A dandy girl, witty and clever. Lots of fun; always ready for a good time; a perfect peach!
342. CLAUDIA WEYANT—Vice-president of our class in its junior year; present secretary of the Therapon Club. Loves chemistry and stars in it. Very pretty and very popular. An excellent student and a splendid girl.
343. HELEN BEAVER—Sister of the famous Horace Beaver. Not many of us know Helen well, as she was not in Shortridge all four years, but she is a mighty fine girl.
344. DOROTHY WILHELM—Dot came to us from Tech last fall and is one of the best-looking and most popular girls in the class. Wonderful dancer. Has a particular liking for our yell leaders.
345. SALENA WILLIAMS—"Bawn and bred in Old Kaintuck," and has a Kaintuck accent. One of the famous Irvingtonians. Spends her afternoons playing "hello girl." Enterprising and attractive.
346. MARGARET WINGFIELD—Peg helped to put the short in Shortridge. One of the famous Royal Rooter Kazooists of the football season, and the life o' the bleachers at every game. Active in everything that concerns the old school. Has auburn hair but denies all charges concerning the fire in the annex last fall. Therapon.
347. GRACE WISE—One of the mainstays of mathematics and the Math Club. And some chemist! A striking brunette, full of vim and vigor, and a world of fun at any Math Club outing. Therapon.
348. LOIS WISHARD—Therapon Club. A good student with the true Shortridge spirit. A jolly, friendly girl whom everybody likes.
349. ELMER WOHLFELD—It's all the same to Elmer whether he's thrilling his friends at fifty-five miles per in his Peerless, or whether he's thrilling 'em at a dance with a saxophone. A different pair of specs for every day in the week.
350. EDSON WOOD—Quite a society man about town. Sidekick of Cooke Coen. Friend of Alden Cooke. Spends most of his spare time—when he's not monkeying with science—dodging traffic cops. Very much interested in athletics. A dandy fellow to know. Quack doctor in 1920 French play.
351. ORLA WOODY—Wow! The skid-chains, Watson! HERE comes Orley Woody!! The big sensation of every basket ball game. Good dancer, good sport. Funniest fellow in Shortridge—and he's right there in the gentle art of yell leading.
352. KATHERINE SWICKER—A lively girl and a good friend. Favorite sport: dancing. Favorite pronoun: He, singular.
353. WILLETTA WORK—A jolly and likable girl. Fond of good times. Takes a delightful interest in a certain member of the so-called sterner sex. Willetta is quite a chemist.
354. BEULAH WRIGHT—Good looking? Full of fun? And she has two of the deepest dimples. One of the best violinists in Shortridge.
355. DOROTHY WRIGHT—A bright little blonde who "lives to learn and learns to live." Full of life and the spice of living. Starred in mathematics. A fine girl to know.
356. NELLIE WURTZ—Nellie doesn't have much to say, but what she does say is worth while. Has a lovable disposition as all her friends will affirm. Interested in Purdue.
357. ESTHER YANCEY—A fine dependable student—one who has not only lived Shortridge ideals but has also helped to form them. Loved by all who know her. Greek star; Royal Rooter; editor of Wednesday's Echo; Annual staff; Press Club; Therapon. "Small but mighty!"
358. PAUL ZARTMAN—Famous as a captain in the R. O. T. C. and ex-president of the Wireless Club. Good looking? We once mistook him for one of the fellows who pose for the collar advertisement.
359. VETHA ZIEGLER—Cheerful, jolly—a peach of a girl to know. Therapon. Her charming complexion is the envy of all her friends.
360. ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN—"Small but mighty." A good-looking girl who always has something to say! Good dancer. Fond of butterflies.



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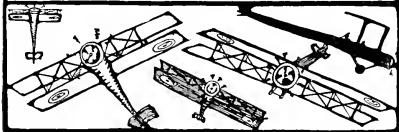
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AFTERWORD



What sought they thus far?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas
The spoils of wars?

They sought a faith's pure shrine!
In this, our Annual, we like the
Pilgrims of old, have sought and
We trust we have found
"A faith's pure shrine"
A higher level than ever before



There are many to whom appreciation should be extended for the excellent assistance they have given to us in publishing the 1921 Annual. The efforts of these people have combined to make our book a success.

The art work has always had a very high standard and this year it has not only lived up to it but has set a higher standard for the years to come. To Miss Rhoda Selleck, art censor, too much credit can not be given.

Our contributors are to be congratulated on the exceptional brand of literary material published in the book this year. The literary section is of such high calibre that we are proud of it. The articles have been carefully chosen and they represent the literary talent of the school. Miss Zella O'Hair, literary censor, is greatly responsible for such an excellent selection of material.

Mr. Otto and Mr. Weinberger, along with the two efficient business managers, Joseph Cash and Gaylord Stewart, have ably assisted in handling the business of the class year book. Mr. McKee, of the Echo Press, has been more than just printer of the Annual; his experience in publishing Shortridge Annuals has been of great value in putting this one before the school.

To the members of the staff we owe very special gratitude; for their pep, ability and willingness to work have been a wonderful help in times of need. At no time was their spirit of coöperation lacking.

We also thank any others who have, even in a small way, made the task a little easier, and who have assisted in putting the 1921 Annual "across."

AUTOGRAPHS

CORNELIA MARSHALL



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Helen Mateer "Helly."

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July 1924

Aug. 1924

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Dot Moore GZ

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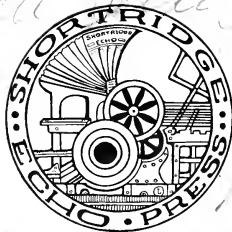
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